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FOR fourteen years internationalists have repeated that unless the rest of Europe disarmed Germany would rearm. To-day, with the imminent prospect of a new armaments race and a new grouping of Powers in preparation for another war, there is not much comfort or profit in saying "I told you so." What we have to consider is whether an urgent threat can accomplish what reason and common sense have failed to accomplish. We have now to reckon not with the accommodating Germany of Stresemann and Brüning but with the truculent nationalism of General von Schleicher. The *aide-mémoire* addressed to France is sufficiently explicit, but its true significance can only be understood in the light of the great Stahlhelm demonstrations during the week-end and Schleicher's menacing speech in East Prussia. We may discount something on the ground that the Papen Government must do what it can to satisfy its militarist supporters by a display of heroics. Even so, a speech on the borders of Poland which describes Poland as an "enemy" and which clearly states that Germany will rearm "in any case" is sufficient warning to France and to the world.

The reaction in France is what we should expect. The nationalist press, of course, only sees in the change of attitude in Germany an additional reason for dropping all talk of disarmament. Perhaps the greatest immediate danger is that Schleicher's suggestion of a private conversation between the German and French Governments may lead to an understanding by the militarists in both countries that Germany should rearm up to a certain point provided that France should also increase her armaments if she wishes. But another and more hopeful view is expressed in France, in the United States, and in Great Britain. The prospect of Germany becoming a "barrack State" with every man a soldier is not one that any sane person, let alone any sane Frenchman, can find tolerable. The official French reply to Germany is expected to be an invitation to discuss the whole matter at Geneva, and there is a strong body of opinion, already vocal in every country concerned, that the threat from Germany ought not to have a crushing but an invigorating effect on the Disarmament Conference. As long as they can persuade themselves that the danger is not imminent, men will sit and discuss even on the top of a volcano. But when the volcano actually erupts, some movement becomes unavoidable.

* * *

The Papen Government has also announced an

adventurous economic policy. The scheme, an ingenious and probably hastily improvised effort on the part of the German Civil Service, aims at reducing unemployment by remitting taxation to employers. Employers who satisfy the banks as to their financial soundness are to receive back money they have paid in taxation. On condition that they can employ more labour they are to be permitted to break labour contracts, cut wages and receive in effect a Government subsidy. From the national point of view the whole scheme amounts to a bold policy of reflation, administered for the primary benefit of the employing class. The Papen Government is gambling on a speedy return to prosperity, and if the new credit provided is enthusiastically taken up it runs considerable risk of bringing down the mark with a run. The determination to create rather than to restrict credit is to be welcomed, but the manner in which the new policy is being carried out ensures a vigorous opposition from all the forces of the Left.

* * *

The Committee of Experts which is to prepare the ground for the forthcoming World Economic Conference is to meet before this month ends, in accordance with a proposal sent out by Mr. MacDonald this week. But the scope of the Conference itself is still unsettled, since it still remains doubtful whether the United States Government will allow either war debts or tariffs to be discussed. Meanwhile, the situation is in process of rapid change. Germany is now embarking on a large-scale policy of "reflation," which can be financed only by an expansion of credit from the Reichsbank. In the United States, in Great Britain, and in Germany, the prices of securities continue their remarkable upward movements, and there has also been of late a marked appreciation in the prices of a wide range of primary commodities. On the other hand, the latest returns disclose a further contraction of employment; and there is certainly no sign at present of any real revival of new investment or of consumers' demand. The boom seems to be mainly psychological—a reaction from the marked undervaluation of both securities and goods which had resulted from the discounting of future adversity. It is therefore unsafe to build any large hopes on the present rally in prices, but it can be said that the opportunity for courageous action on an international scale is now, thanks to the change in sentiment, much better than it has been for a long time past.

* * *

The change of programme announced by the Viceroy of India at Simla on September 5th is important. Lord Willingdon noted that the attempt to advance the work of constitution making by means of the Consultative Committee in India had come to nothing. The Government accordingly had decided to take up the task once more in London, calling together a small body of representatives of British India and the Indian States. These would meet in November, the proceedings would of course be private, the agenda would be fixed, and an effort would be made to reach agreement quickly upon as large a number of points as possible. In the circumstances of this year the altered method was probably inevitable, since the Cabinet still intends to introduce the Government of India Bill during the coming session. The Viceroy's speech was a closely packed review of events since the close of the second Round Table. It reaffirmed in emphatic terms the present rule of severity stiffened by Ordinances. The leaders of the National Congress, said Lord Willingdon, must be brought to acknowledge openly that they have failed. But would it not be far better for the Viceroy to be in a position to prove that his Government's policy was succeeding? According to the official return there are still more than 20,000 political prisoners. They include virtually all the Congress leaders who count. There can be no beginning of peace in India while the gaols are filled with the spokesmen of Indian opinion.

* * *

Mr. Bromley's address to the Trade Union delegates at Newcastle struck a note which would have provoked plenty of dissent a few years ago, but is likely to cause almost more in Trade Union quarters to-day. It was explicitly and definitely a Socialist address, emphasising the breakdown of capitalism and the improbability that it will ever again be able to find employment for all the available workers at a tolerable wage. The depression has gone far to complete the conversion of the Trade Union movement to Socialism, at any rate so far as its active leaders are concerned, and it has completely stifled the once familiar voices of Liberal and even Conservative Trade Unionism. Mr. Bromley recognised that the Trade Unions were in for a stiff struggle during the next few years, but took heart from their success up to the present in resisting the worsening of labour conditions, despite the long slump and the sustained pressure of unemployment. Trade Unionism in Britain has during these troublous years shown very remarkable resisting power, and the Congress leaders have every right to congratulate themselves on their achievement under exceptionally difficult conditions. They have held together, maintained the eight hour day, and on the whole sustained wage-rates to a very significant extent at a time when the Trade Union movements of other countries have shown far less power of resistance. Some people will say "so much the worse for British industry"; but we agree wholeheartedly with the T.U.C. that it is ludicrous to adopt a policy of cutting down wages in order to meet a depression due to the failure to conserve an ever-growing abundance.

* * *

The dispute in the cotton industry was, of course, one of the first concerns of the Trade Union Congress. The General Council voted £1,000 from its own funds, and an appeal for further help is being made to the whole Trade Union movement. The response to the strike call has been unexpectedly large and the strike is still spreading to new mills. Nor has the Government's belated intervention given any grounds for hope of a speedy end to the dispute. Sir Henry Betterton's letter to the industry is a mixture of platitude and sermon. Everyone knows that the industry is in a muddle and all the evidence from Lancashire suggests

that both employers and employed are anxious to come to an agreement. But agreements do not come by shirking issues. The question of reinstatement cannot be simply passed over, and the wage issue remains where it was. The operatives maintain that mere reduction of wage-rates will do nothing effective to set the industry in order; and they want much more from the Government than mere action to bring the disputants together. The strike would soon be over if the Government would but declare its intention to use compulsory power for reorganising the industry; but it is not easy to see how any stable settlement can be made by dealing with the wage question apart from the real difficulties which lie behind it.

* * *

The Liberal ministers in the Government, according to all reports, are still anxiously discussing whether or not to throw themselves to the wolves before the wolves turn really nasty. There are four factors in the situation. The first is the position of the Government, i.e., of Mr. MacDonald, who, it is assumed, may have difficulty in continuing to control his semi-mutinous crew if his Flag-Lieutenant deserts the ship. But Conservatives to-day are not so clear as they were a year ago about the advantage which a Tory Government, with Mr. MacDonald at its head, has over a Tory Government without Mr. MacDonald. The second factor is the "agreement to differ"; does it or does it not cover Ottawa? And if it does, what does Ottawa itself cover? This is the third and most vital factor. The Cabinet, it is understood, is now exploring the implications of its own engagements; do they involve the taxation of food, or is food merely going to be dearer? It will require the casuistry of a Gladstone to define the position of Sir Herbert Samuel. And the fourth factor is the National Liberal Federation, still moving with dignity towards its inevitable repudiation of Sir Herbert's leadership. Mr. Ramsay Muir has convened an early meeting, and is promising something specially unequivocal in the way of resolutions.

* * *

Some people find cricket a bore: others consider it the basis of our national character, and rude foreigners have been heard to say that the two views are not incompatible. But none who sees value in the game at all will deny that the season now concluded has been a very good one. The final meeting of Yorkshire and Sussex provided an appropriate climax. Yorkshire had already won the Championship, thanks to good captaincy, the extraordinary batting of Sutcliffe, and dogged and effective team-work; but Sussex, the runners-up, had not been beaten until this, their penultimate match, and, handicapped as they were by illness and injuries, they still gave the champions a fright. The keenness with which games have been conducted—a pleasant contrast to the slackness of some two or three seasons ago—augurs well for the forthcoming tests; our team, under Jardine's captaincy, sails for Australia next week. In spite of the retirement of Hobbs from Test Cricket, and the illness of Duleepsinhji, it is likely to prove a formidable combination, which will stand up well, not only to Australian wickets, but also to the insidious spell of Bradmanitis.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

SINCE crime is a best seller, thought about it is rare and stunts about it are frequent. The appearance of the armed bandit produces stories about the flying squad and splendid midnight battles and heroic shootings. The simple and effective remedy of not permitting people to possess firearms is scarcely discussed. Similarly, the one thing seized upon when criminal statistics are published is that burglaries and smash-and-grab raids have increased. No attention is called to the really striking revelations in the recent report of the Prison Commissioners that the energies of our prison authorities are taken up with looking after thousands of petty offenders and others, whom it is demonstrably absurd to send to prison at all. Yet it is surely extraordinary enough that of the 59,936 persons sent to prison in 1930, over 50 per cent. went there not because they were bad, but because they were poor. No doubt many of them were bad but that was not why they were sent to prison. 13,276 (i.e., 22 per cent.) were sent "by civil process," or, in plain English, as debtors. A further 12,497 (20 per cent.) went to prison for the non-payment of fines, that is to say, though their offences were considered not serious enough to merit imprisonment, they suffered it because they could not pay the fines imposed. And a further 7,504 (12 per cent.) were remanded to prison without bail, but were subsequently acquitted or sentenced to some lesser penalty than imprisonment. As, except in rare cases, accused persons with money are not remanded in custody but are allowed bail, it is reasonable to assume that the others went to prison in the main because they lacked means or influence to obtain bail.

Let us first consider the 7,504 persons committed on remand or for trial and not subsequently sentenced to imprisonment. No doubt in a few of these cases serious crimes were alleged and the magistrates were fully justified in refusing bail in the interests of the community. These, however, were so few as to be almost negligible. In certain other cases the accused was remanded for observation and inquiry, and here we are entitled to suggest that the proper place for observation is an observation centre and not a prison. Magistrates sometimes remand a prisoner for a week "to learn him," and then deal with him by a fine or under the Probation Act. Such a practice is open to serious objection in that it is likely to produce all the evils of imprisonment without any of the doubtful advantages which are supposed to result from a longer sentence. But the majority of the seven thousand persons, not subsequently sent to prison under sentence, are remanded in custody because bail is fixed at too high a figure or unreasonably refused. It is no doubt less trouble for the police to have accused persons held in custody until the trial, but magistrates are far too prone, as frequent protests from High Court Judges show, to refuse bail at the request of the police. Bail fixed at lesser sums could easily be allowed in many cases without in any way endangering the security of Society.

Let us now turn to the 12,497 persons who during 1930 were sent to prison for the non-payment of fines. A fine is a most effective way of registering social disapproval, and for this reason will probably continue

for a long time as a part of our penal system. But who can defend a system which for similar offences fines the wealthy and imprisons the poor? A scientific system of fines which had some relation to the capacity of the individual to pay would probably result in a considerable reduction in the number of committals for non-payment. And since under the Criminal Justice Act, 1914, the Court has an obligation in most cases to allow time for the payment of fines, it should also be necessary for a defaulter to be brought before the Court and given an opportunity of explaining his failure to pay before being sent to prison. At present an offender sometimes goes to prison for the non-payment of a fine without the magistrates even setting eyes on him at all. If every person who did not pay his fine were brought before the Justices before being sent to prison there would be a substantial reduction in the number who ever got there.

Then there is the scandal of imprisonment for debt. Most people imagine that imprisonment for debt was abolished by the Act of 1869, but actually that Act, whatever the intention of those who framed it, did nothing of the kind. It established a particularly indefensible form of imprisonment for debt, applicable only to the poor, whereby thousands of debtors go to prison every year for failure to do what they are incapable of doing. Of the 13,276 persons sent to prison in 1930 "under civil process," 3,810 were committed by the County Courts for ordinary civil debts, a higher figure than at any period since the war. This power should be abolished altogether. People of other classes do not go to prison if they cannot pay their debts, and it is impossible to defend a practice which condemns a man who owes less than £50 to prison and permits a man who owes £50 and over to go bankrupt. If traders protest that they will have no way of enforcing payment of their accounts, we would reply that they should take more care to whom they allow credit. To give credit to persons who are not in a position to receive it is not legitimate business, but a gamble. The abolition of imprisonment for ordinary civil debt might reduce the less savoury forms of selling to poor people on the instalment plan, but that would be all to the good. We cannot believe that the more responsible firms who carry on legitimate trading need this cruel weapon, the abolition of which in Scotland fifty years ago has not proved detrimental to business. The persons sent to prison from the County Court, however, form only a part of the total number of prisoners "by civil process." The Courts of Summary Jurisdiction sent 6,778 persons to prison in 1930 for the non-payment of wife-maintenance or bastardy orders. Obviously some means must be found to compel men who are in a position to do so to support their wives and children. But, at present, it is certain that a very large proportion of those who go to prison for the non-payment of maintenance simply cannot pay, and the law which was meant to separate the sheep from the goats has become an instrument for the persecution of the poor. At present, the Court has far too little time to give to cases and possesses no adequate machinery for testing a man's capacity to pay. After a hearing of a few minutes an order is made against a man, sometimes even in his absence, to pay so much a week, and, if he fails to pay, to prison he goes without further formality.

The law should be amended to ensure that, before a man is sent to prison, he must be brought before the Court again and adequate proof presented as to his capacity to pay. Such a reform would separate those who are unable to pay from those who wilfully refuse to do so. Even then it is a poor remedy to send such a man to prison, where he is deprived of the opportunity of supporting his dependents and becomes, instead, a burden to the State. In this matter England might well study the practice in Scotland, where prisoners "by civil process" are almost non-existent. The success of the Scottish system provides a complete answer to those who assert that the present practice in England is necessary.

The cruelty and injustice of our present practice is sufficient argument for sweeping it away. But we are also concerned in this matter for another reason. We all know the lines upon which prison reform ought to be carried out. But how can prisons be transformed from useless places of detention into valuable centres of industrial and social training when they are cluttered up with this tragic procession of fleeting visitors who have no business to be there at all?

LABOUR AND THE CONSTITUTION

THE experience of the last three years has had two definite effects upon the Labour Party. It has made it aware of the need, on its next assumption of office, to proceed rapidly with large-scale measures which aim at the Socialist conquest of economic power; and it has convinced both the leaders and the rank and file that large-scale constitutional changes will be necessary to effect this purpose. No one now believes that the present parliamentary process is adequate for a Socialist task, and its adaptation to new ends will be one of the first efforts a Socialist Government must make.

Certain things are clear at the outset. (1) No Labour Cabinet can risk having its measures delayed or defeated by the House of Lords. Granted a majority, therefore, it would be a pre-requisite to its acceptance of office that it was entitled from the outset to create any number of peers necessary to overbear possible opposition in that reserve-power of Conservatism. Were the Crown to refuse the use of the prerogative, the Labour Party would have no alternative but to decline office.

It is probable, moreover, that a Labour victory at the polls will produce a panic in the minds of capitalists. (2) Labour, therefore, will have to pass forthwith a drastic Defence of the Realm Act to enable it to exercise, by Order in Council, all necessary authority to cope with the situation. Obviously such a measure will require the assent of the Lords; and, if that is refused, the Labour Cabinet must proceed at once (*a*) to the creation of peers to get its measure through, and (*b*) to the abolition of the second chamber in order to prevent any subsequent interference with the passage of the Socialist programme.

It is, I think, unwise to assume that this stage of the Labour programme will be easy of fulfilment. (*a*) There is the possibility that the MacDonald Government may, during the present Parliament, have so altered the constitution and powers of the House of Lords that its authority cannot be directly overridden. In this event, if the House of Lords prove recalcitrant, a second general election upon the issue of its rights is pretty certain; and if Labour succeeds in obtaining a majority a second time, its abolition as a second chamber becomes urgent. (*b*) There is the

possibility that the Crown will not give the necessary guarantees that its prerogative may be used. In this event Labour will have to refuse office; and it is obvious that the attempt of any party, or coalition of parties, to govern without a majority in Parliament will rapidly lead to a revolutionary situation. I add that we ought not to overlook the chance that this refusal may be made. The position will almost certainly be an emergency one, and the King's advisers may well insist that a Labour Government will lead to a national disaster. They may urge upon him the desirability of a "National" Government to deal with the emergency; and, if Labour refuses this—as it is bound to refuse—it is at least thinkable that the old Government will advise the King to dissolve the newly-elected Parliament and see whether, in the atmosphere of strain and panic, a new general election may not result in the defeat of Labour. Such action would be at least formally constitutional. Clearly, its adoption would have results momentous enough, even if Labour were again successful, to threaten the preservation of social peace. But we ought not to overlook the possibility that the undefined prerogative of the Crown will be exploited by the capitalist parties whenever there is a direct road to a majority Socialist Government.

Let us assume, however, that this initial period of crisis has been successfully overpassed. It is common ground that the present parliamentary machine is quite unsuited to pass rapidly a great body of complicated legislation. The National Government, indeed, has in substance admitted this by implementing its economy and tariff measures not by detailed debate in the House of Commons, but by a wholesale system of delegated legislation. A Labour Government would, I presume, build upon the amplitude of this precedent. It would confine the House of Commons to the two functions it can properly perform; the ventilation of grievance and the discussion of the general principles of its measures. Its Bills would take the form of general formulæ conferring wide powers upon the appropriate Government departments; and those powers would be exercised by Order in Council which could, if desired, be attacked in the House by means of a vote of no confidence. The necessity and value of delegated legislation has recently been strongly reaffirmed by the Donoughmore Committee; and its extension is inevitable if the process of socialisation is not to be wrecked by the normal methods of obstruction which the existing parliamentary procedure sanctions.

It is, I think, further obvious that a Parliament occupied with such vital tasks could not continue, as now, the detailed control of local government. It would be necessary, with suitable safeguards, to devolve upon local authorities the power to initiate experiments in social policy, outside a defined area, without the necessity of constant recourse to Westminster for legislative authority to attempt them. This would not only save parliamentary time; it would also free the progressive local authorities from limitations conceived solely in the interest of wealthy ratepayers.

One further matter is important. The interpretation of an act of Parliament is a matter for the judiciary; and their habit of narrow construction might well impose fatal barriers in the way of adequate administration. To leave a Labour Government under the compulsion of passing statutes to override reactionary decisions is neither possible nor desirable; the more so as the judiciary scrutinises with jealousy any extension of the executive power. It cannot be too clearly understood that the tradition of the Common Law makes the judges, simply because they are bound by precedent, a part of the protective rampart of a capitalist society. I conceive, therefore, that it would be necessary for a Labour Government, quite early in its career, rigorously to define the canons of statutory interpretation. The alternative is to risk the continuous nullification of the experiments they will attempt.

I see no reason to suppose that a Labour Government could not rely upon the amplest loyalty from the Civil Service. The tradition of neutrality is rooted in its very being; and its zeal for technical competence is an integral part of its *esprit de corps*. But all this must be read subject to an important and overriding consideration. The habits of the Civil Service have been shaped to meet the necessities of the parliamentary system. They seek, above all, to prevent the Minister from taking those risks which may result in error or antagonism. As a result, the pressure of the Service upon a Minister tends to discourage him from operating in a realm with which his officials are unfamiliar or of attempting policy to which the departmental tradition is opposed. Anyone who thinks of the Service departments or the Foreign Office will easily understand this pressure. It means that a Minister who does not have his subject at his fingers' ends, and is not aware precisely of the direction in which he wants to go, can easily be deflected from a vague purpose by the consideration of the difficulties he may thereby create for himself. The pressure is entirely honourable to the Civil Service; it is the safeguard of the responsible Minister from the hazards of the unknown. But it acts for delay; and if a Socialist Government is to press rapidly forward steps must be taken to counteract its influence. I believe Mr. Henderson indicated the proper technique for this purpose when he was at the Foreign Office. By surrounding himself with men not less concerned than himself with the application of his ideals, and not less expert than the officials in handling the problems involved in their application, he was able to introduce a wholly new spirit into his department. *Mutatis mutandis*, and probably upon a larger scale, I think it will be necessary for the next Labour Government to introduce a similar technique into the whole range of administration.

I do not believe, moreover, that it will be possible to maintain the present type of Cabinet. Every Minister is grossly overworked if he takes his function seriously; and there are too few Ministers with time or energy to devote attention to problems outside their departments. No doubt some of their energies will be saved by the changes I have suggested in parliamentary procedure; and more still could be done by an improvement in the status, and an increase in the powers, of the under-secretaries. But it is certainly necessary to give a much more organic character to the departments, to make the Minister of Defence, say, the head of a team who deals only with the largest aspects of co-ordinated policy between the three Services. Similarly, the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Agriculture, the Ministry of Labour could well be unified, with the appropriate outlying bureaux, into a single Ministry of Production. We could, in fact, utilise the Haldane Report of 1918, with such suitable changes as experience has suggested, to make a Cabinet of some dozen ministers, largely free from the burden of administrative detail and attendance at the House for the committee stage of their Bills. Such a change in the character of the Cabinet is essential if it is to become a really effective instrument for the making of decisions.

I see no reason to suppose that the well-advertised expedient of an Economic Council has anything to offer a Socialist Government; that of Germany has not realised a fragment of the high hopes formed of it. There is much more to be said for the idea of an Economic General Staff, so long as this is understood in no way to resemble the Economic Advisory Council created by Mr. MacDonald in 1929. For the latter, by reason of its divided personnel on the one side, and its failure to be properly articulated with the administrative departments on the other, cannot offer unified advice on the one hand, and is inadequately related to executive responsibility on the other. The Committee on Civil Research, properly developed, offers far more creative possibilities; and there is no reason to suppose that, used with energy and determination, it could not be made as valuable an organ as the Committee of Imperial Defence.

One final word must be said. A Labour Government which is permitted to rule constitutionally—this is the first and gravest of the issues involved—cannot succeed in its task unless it operates the instruments of the Constitution with the same determination to innovate, where desirable, that characterised the National Government in the crisis of 1931. Every instrument which will come under its hand, from the Monarchy downwards, is steeped in traditions alien from its purposes because it was devised to secure quite different ends. The process of adjustment will be very difficult; the single issue of whether, in a period of transition to Socialism, a Labour Government can risk the overthrow of its measures as a result of the next general election, makes this abundantly evident. Here I can only say that the chance of Labour being successful will be directly proportional to the courage and frankness with which it makes the electorate aware of the results which must follow from its victory. The ancient platitude that the success of Socialism depends upon the prior creation of a Socialist Party which believes in the immediate urgency of its principles was never more significant than at the present time.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

DENMARK, THE CRISIS AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE

HOW far is Great Britain prepared to keep open her markets to Danish dairy products? The economic life of approximately three and a half million Danes now hangs on the answer to this question. A policy of agricultural specialisation, based on small farming units of between fifteen and sixty hectares in area, a highly organised system of co-operative dairies and slaughter-houses, and a fiscal policy tending towards complete Free Trade, have earned for Denmark a special place in the world-economy as the exporter of a regular supply of high-grade butter, bacon, eggs, and live or slaughtered cattle. The country is now almost entirely dependent upon the external market for these commodities.

Since 1930 the agricultural situation has been growing at first steadily, but from September, 1931, rapidly worse, until at the present moment ruin is in sight. The total agricultural net income has declined from 565 million kroner in 1929–30 to 270 million kroner in 1930–31—a fall of nearly 300 million kroner (about £17,000,000). The figures for 1931–32, it is estimated, will show a further heavy drop. The agricultural crisis, together with the disastrous effects of the gradual throttling of international trade upon the activity of Copenhagen as the great entrepôt port for the Baltic and upon Danish merchant shipping, has sent the figures of unemployment spiralling upwards to over 100,000 in July, or nearly 25 per cent. of the total number of registered workers—an increase of over 100 per cent. in one year. Building operations in Copenhagen and the smaller towns have come almost to a standstill; the long rows of silent ships along "Langelinie" and the South Port of Copenhagen bear witness to the fact that proportionately to its size the Danish mercantile marine has the highest percentage of boats laid up in the world. Declarations of bankruptcy, compulsory liquidations of real estates and of agricultural property, have all increased by over 50 per cent. between May, 1931, and May, 1932.

This situation can be attributed almost entirely to two factors—the wave of economic nationalism which has surged over most countries, especially since 1929, and the decline in purchasing-power in Great Britain and Germany brought about by unemployment and economic depression. Denmark's natural customers for her specialised products are Germany (live cattle, beef, and veal) and Great Britain (bacon, butter and eggs) with minor markets in other countries. The policy of agricultural protection, as it has developed in Germany since August, 1925, has seriously affected Danish exports. Repeated increases in the duty on meat and live cattle forced Denmark from 1930 onwards to seek other outlets, in Belgium for live cattle and in the Netherlands for beef and veal. In both the latter countries, however, quota systems were introduced early in this year. Owing to high protective duties or veterinary restrictions elsewhere it has been impossible to develop new markets. Danish butter exports have similarly met with restrictive tariff legislation. Owing to the great increase in the total production and export of butter, from about 90 million kgs. in 1914 to 168 million kgs. in 1930, additional markets to the British became necessary. While Great Britain continued to account for well over 70 per cent. of the total export, a market for about 25 per cent. was found in Germany. By progressive increases in the German tariff, however, culminating in January last with a duty of 100 RM. per 100 kgs. plus 15 per cent. *ad valorem*, the market was gradually closed save for an insignificant quota allowed under the terms of the German-Finnish commercial Treaty. Minor markets in the United States of America and in Switzerland, which at one time appeared partly to offset the loss of Germany, have since been closed. Finally, increased production in New Zealand, the "Buy British Campaign," and the passage of the British Import Duties Act of March, 1932, imposing a duty of 10 per cent. *ad valorem* on butter from all countries outside the Empire, have created a situation of the utmost gravity.

The combined effect of these restrictions and of the decline in purchasing power in Great Britain and Germany has been to depress the wholesale prices of butter, bacon and live or slaughtered cattle to a level which, at best, yields no profit and, at worst, entails considerable loss to the original producer.

The Stauning Government—a coalition of Social-Democrats and Radicals—has adopted the view that the crisis is temporary and that better times will follow. But the farmers were in a precarious position during 1931. They were faced on the one hand by closed markets and falling prices, which were no longer, after the abandonment of the gold standard as in the early days, offset by the cheapened price of imported feeding stuffs and fertilisers, and on the other by heavy fixed mortgage charges incurred in times of prosperity. Hence the Government was forced to grant temporary, though very restricted, relief to those farmers who could not make the whole of their annual interest and amortisation payments to the mortgage-credit institutions. The events of last autumn, however, drove the Government to more drastic intervention. When Great Britain abandoned the gold standard, Denmark, on account of its close commercial relations with England, found it necessary to follow suit, and by the middle of November, in response to the representations of the agricultural section, a policy of "following sterling in the main" was adopted. From the first it was recognised that restrictions upon the trade in foreign currency were inevitable, in view of the small reserve of foreign exchange in the hands of the National Bank and the impossibility of borrowing abroad. But when the results of the English elections were seen to foreshadow a reversal of British fiscal policy, and when the concern of the new British Government with the need for reciprocity in commercial exchanges was emphasised, there was general agreement in Denmark that active measures should be taken to encourage the purchase of British goods and thus to reduce the discrepancy in the exchanges of the two countries. Indeed, for some time past all circles in Denmark have agreed that the welfare of the Danish people is bound up with the maintenance of the connection with Great Britain, and therefore that anything which might cause resentment in England and provoke discrimination against Danish exports should be avoided, even if considerable sacrifices were entailed. Accordingly, at the end of January last a revised Exchange Restriction Act was passed, by which all imports were

placed under the control of the so-called "Valuta-Centralen"—a governmental department established under the National Bank. No import can be made without a licence obtained from the Centralen. Through this device the double purpose was achieved of keeping the kroner pegged to the old sterling parity and diverting purchases wherever possible towards Great Britain.

The Danish Government has staked not only its own political life, but the future of the Danish people, upon the willingness of Great Britain to maintain the connection which has now served England for well over a quarter of a century. Through the Valuta-Centralen it has created easily the most far-reaching of all governmental import controls in Europe, and certainly the most universally criticised institution in Denmark; for Danish individualism runs counter to the methods of a central bureaucracy. Nevertheless, partly through the universal wish to "buy British," partly through the policy of the Centralen, considerable diversion of trade from other countries towards England has already taken place, notably in purchases of coal for the State railways and the co-operative dairies and slaughter-houses, and of iron and steel and electrical equipment. The commercial prospects of the British Industries Exhibition in Copenhagen are most encouraging, and its success would be already assured were it not for the impression that the British producer and distributor are still as unwilling as their German competitors are willing to study the needs of the Danish market as to the form, price and terms of trade for their commodities.

Whether or not the policy of the Valuta-Centralen is subsequently proved to have been justified by a favourable reaction on the part of the British Government, at present, by sapping the bases of credit, it is slowly destroying economic life in Denmark. The Government is now faced with a dilemma. If it destroys the Valuta-Centralen, there is nothing to prevent the kroner from falling in terms of sterling or to ensure that trade is diverted towards England. If the Centralen is retained, the whole fabric of Danish economic life is threatened. The only alternatives suggested are either a tariff or a foreign credit. The former, if it is to be used to encourage British imports, would require the denunciation of Denmark's commercial treaties with the abandonment of the most-favoured-nation clause and the final, or at least long-period, renunication of the German market. It is generally considered that this course would not commend itself to an electorate taught to regard Free Trade as the watchword of an agricultural exporting community dependent upon cheap fertilisers, feeding stuffs and manufactures. The latter alternative would not by itself achieve the purpose of encouraging British imports even if the credit were obtainable. It is probable, then, at least until the final significance of the decisions taken at Ottawa and the results of the world Economic Conference are known, that the central import control will continue in one form or another. But in the meantime, unless the wholesale prices of butter and bacon rise considerably and firmly, the Government will have no option but to declare a further moratorium on mortgage interest and amortisation payments until Great Britain has finally decided the fate of Danish agriculture. No one who has any first-hand knowledge of Denmark and its people, or who yearns for a saner and more enlightened international society, could contemplate without dismay and disillusionment the destruction of the welfare of a community which is a leader of the movement towards world peace and international co-operation.

S. H. BAILEY.

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION *will include the first of two articles by Mr. J. M. Keynes on the Financial Policy of the Labour Party*

A LONDON DIARY

I HAVE just been asked a fair question to which I should like to give a frank reply. Is there not a danger, a friend asks, that the very people who most want peace may be those who are most likely to bring war? Take the situation which will arise when the Powers at Geneva are confronted with the problem of Manchukuo. The report of the Lytton Commission will be rejected by the Japanese. There will be a clear choice of policy. If the Powers were really to adhere to their commitments, and exert a joint pressure upon Japan, no one doubts that Japan would have to give way. America is urgent for such a policy. But experience does not lead us to expect it from France or from Sir John Simon, whose pro-Japanese attitude has already done infinite harm to Anglo-American relations. And if Japan is merely faced with non-recognition from America and decorous disapproval from Geneva, she will be encouraged to go ahead without approval, and the jingo elements, both in Japan and America, will have a clear field. Is it not arguable, my friend asks, that the old diplomacy, by recognising the right of the strongest and patching up a compromise between Japan and America, would really be less dangerous than a half-hearted and ineffective attempt to enforce a new idea of international law for which the world is not ready?

* * *

The question is worth careful consideration, because it expresses openly and concretely a very common scepticism about the League, and because arguments of this kind are used by our diplomats as a justification for pretending to adhere to the League idea while they are really arranging things according to the time-dishonoured methods of the old diplomacy. Exactly similar arguments can be applied to the European situation. Here again it may be said that we cannot have both peace and justice. The injustices of the Versailles Treaty are admitted, but, since France and her allies will not agree to their modification, we are confronted with the choice of attempting to keep peace by supporting France or of running the risks of war by encouraging the defeated Powers when they claim the right to equality of armaments or threaten to overthrow the frontiers laid down in the Versailles Treaty. Again, we know that the right course was for all the Powers to abide by their obligations and disarm while Germany was still in a pacific mood. But as things are to-day, says the cynic, are you not really more likely to keep the peace by abandoning your notions of justice and supporting France, which is the one Power strong enough to keep it?

* * *

Put as briefly as possible, the answer, as I see it, is this. There will be wars just as long as there is international anarchy, that is, until States are willing to submit their disputes to an international authority and to abandon their private armies. That remains true whether the world is ready to recognise it or not: it remains true even if we have to learn it by further wars and revolutions. Therefore the building of an international organisation and the abandonment of national armaments are the only objects worth pursuing in international affairs, even if that pursuit to-day seems ineffective and is the immediate cause of wars and revolutions. The prospect may be unpleasant, but it is less appalling than that offered by the kind of *real politik* which attracts near-sighted statesmanship. To recognise Manchukuo because Japan is aggressive and China weak, and to turn down the Hoover proposals because they are distasteful to Japan or France, is to play straight into the hands of reaction and to invite the Powers once more to settle down to prepare for the next big war. By doing what we can to remind the Powers of their covenanted obligations we do at least strengthen the forces of the Left, which may yet have a part to play in France and which may break out any day in Japan—perhaps in a revolutionary

form. In Japan the budgetary deficit is appalling, whole districts are living in famine conditions, rent strikes are spreading and riots are of constant occurrence.

* * *

Let anyone who is inclined to pooh-pooh the dangers of allowing Japan to go ahead consider these facts. First, opinion in the United States becomes every day more vehement in its refusal to countenance the Japanese in Manchuria. I need not quote the irresponsible American press. The implications of articles printed in the anglophile *New York Times* are sufficient. On August 16th its London correspondent discussed the "wide difference" of view between England and America in regard to Manchukuo and referred to the unhappy coincidence of this dispute with the coming Debt negotiations when England "will be seeking debt concessions from the United States" while they "may be thwarting the American policy at Geneva." Secondly, for Great Britain to stand with Japan is the shortest way of ending the Disarmament Conference. The American Government has given fair warning that if Japan tears up the Nine Power Treaty she will settle down to outbuilding the Japanese navy. Thirdly, I have not met anyone with any knowledge of the East who believes that the new-born nationalism of China can be persuaded to accept the loss of Manchuria as the old China once accepted the Japanese annexation of Korea. I could give case after case of young Chinamen who are now renouncing academic or business careers and entering military colleges so that they may be prepared for a future war with Japan. That is an extraordinary fact in China, where the soldier's is traditionally regarded as the lowest of all professions. A further inevitable result of permitting China to feel that the West has deserted her is the rapid growth of communism in China, not so much as an economic creed but as a means of obtaining an ally against Japan.

* * *

I am surely right in thinking that something rather curious is happening to English prose style. What would the majestic leader-writers of the past have said about the use of the pronoun in the first leader in the *Times* on August 29th? The article, which dealt with the tercentenary of John Locke, contained the following sentences on Locke's contribution to English thought:

> It was a rich and various bequest. It touched religion, both in its practice and in its principles; it touched, and perhaps it touched most particularly, politics; it touched the theory of knowledge and the principles of metaphysics; it touched, and it affected for long years to come, the methods of instruction of the young.
>
> It was the political theory of Locke which affected the nation at large most deeply. Nor did it only affect England. It penetrated, etc.

A writer of the last generation would have done almost anything to avoid this plethora of "its," but to-day one is not sure how far their repetition is intentional. There are passages of similar construction in the remarkable article contributed by Mr. R. H. Tawney to the current issue of the *Political Quarterly*. Their presence is the more interesting because Mr. Tawney is probably the greatest living master of English classical prose. Yet he can write, in dealing with the dilemma of the Labour Party:

> When the Cabinet took office, two alternatives were open to it. It could decide to live dangerously, or to play for safety. . . . If it acted on its principles, it could not hope to survive for more than twelve months. It could postpone its execution, but only at the cost of making its opponents the censors of its policy. . . .
>
> The late Government chose the second course. It chose it, it must be admitted, with the tacit approval of the great majority of the party. . . .
>
> The degeneration of socialist parties on assuming office is now an old story. If it is worth while to recall the latest British version of it, it is not in order to visit on individuals collective shortcomings.

One may say, I think, that we have here a model of the English sentence that is quite new. Certainly it is economical (a merit in these days!), and the meaning is as clear as could be. But take any familiar passage from a master which might have been done on the same impersonal pattern—for instance, Macaulay's superb paragraph, on the Church of Rome through the ages, in his essay on Ranke. How extraordinary the difference in sound, if he had not objected to beginning each sentence with "it"!

* * *

I wonder how many people noticed in last Sunday's *Observer* an acknowledgment of "Torquemada's" identity? It appeared in a column of theatrical announcements apropos of a play by him which is shortly to appear in London. Many journalists have long known that Mr. Powys Mathers was responsible for wasting their Sunday mornings, but the secret has been successfully kept from the public. Not long ago Ronald Knox was publicly accused in a mock trial of being Torquemada, and I'm sure most of the audience were convinced of his guilt. One was always meeting people willing to confide in one that they had it on the best authority that Torquemada was. . . . If they had known where to look for a clue Powys Mathers's entry in *Who's Who* would have given it them.

* * *

Last week's bunch of carrots went to Brigadier-General Lushington of the Aldershot Bench. The honour this week goes to a magistrate of equally refined susceptibilities:

> "You have to pull yourself together," the magistrate said to Miss Paul. "What is required in your case is discipline. *But you are a lady by birth. Therefore I am inclined to trust you to help yourself.*"
>
> Miss Paul bowed to the magistrate, and then left the dock.

CRITIC.

THE "TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA"

A vast agglomeration of incalculable forces, about which one may generalise at one's peril.—CRITIC.

MR. A. B. (of the I.L.P.)
He went to Russia
To learn the Truth about Russia
(The regeneration of Russia),
And the sights that he selected
Bore out what he expected—
Great factories rising;
An enthusiasm surprising
For welfare and education;
A New World in formation
Much better than the Old—
Just as he had foretold.

Mr. R. S. (who reads the *Express*)
He also went to Russia
To learn the Truth about Russia
(The approaching collapse of Russia),
And (all contradictions rejected)
He saw what he expected—
Breakdowns in transportation;
A growing indignation
With the Communist oppression;
A steady retrogression
To chaos, bloody and red—
Just as he always said.

And I, who read them both,
Have taken a solemn oath
To believe no "Truth about Russia"
(Friendly or hostile to Russia)
Which harnesses every fact
To a formula exact;
And proves, in the end, to be
What the writer had wished to see.

MACFLECKNOE.

THE SUN: A DOUBT

IT was all enchantingly beautiful. The little harbour lay under the curved front of the old monastery. Dragon-flies, green and blue and blazing red, darted or hovered over its surface in quest of flies that I could never see them catching. Water-snakes lifted their heads into the sunlight as they swam till, from terror or from hunger, they suddenly withdrew them and plunged to the bottom of the lake. In the lucid green water innumerable fishes, some as large as herrings, some as small as sardines, wandered with the purposelessness of goldfish in a bowl. Vines spread in a roof above the open-air tables of the harbour tavern, with bunches of grapes and the fruits of the passion-flower suspended among them. Lizards darted up the tavern walls, their heads cocked suspiciously at sight of a stranger. Out on the lake fishermen, some of them wearing only trousers, some of them wearing only shirts, and some content with a pair of bathing pants, stood in their boats, stepping rhythmically backwards and forwards, like gondoliers, with every movement of the oars. Brown nets were drawn into an ever narrowing circle by two co-operating boats, which would lie side by side as the haul was brought in. In a breeze as gentle as ever blew through an eighteenth-century poem, a sailing ship drifted out of the distance, with sails patched into lovely designs beyond the skill of a designer. Never was one hour the same as another, as change of wind and sky played over the blue surface of the lake. And all the time a gigantic man in a bathing slip lay on his back on a rock with his knees in the air like some horrid casualty of the battlefield.

Sometimes he would stroke his ankle as the sun blazed down on him. Sometimes he would fondle his chest. And, having decided that these parts of his body were sufficiently cooked, he would roll round on his side and lie there like a sleeping man for twenty minutes. Then he would lie face downwards, his forehead on his hands, and expose his back to the rays that he hoped would turn him black enough to boast about. A woman with a pretty figure was stretched beside him and turned as the giant turned. Looking at nothing, listening to nothing between meal and meal, they passed the day in a waking slumber, content that the sun was turning their skin a colour that the mid-European happily lost centuries ago. Another sun-bather sprawled hour after hour on a little island of rock twenty or thirty yards outside the harbour. He had come from somewhere in a rowing boat, moored his boat to the rock, dived into the water and emerged again, and for the rest of the time he knew only one happiness—to expose his skin to the sun. He was a handsome young man and his brown skin was of an enviable beauty. But was even the handsomest of men intended to spend the day turning himself in the sun like a steak on the grill? Sometimes his place was taken by an enormously fat man who crept cautiously down to the edge of the rock and splashed water over his chest before venturing on a swim. If one had seen him rise dripping out of the lake in any other century one would have mistaken him for a sea-monster. No blessing of the mid-day sun will ever turn that pink paunch any colour deeper than red. Yet how nobly he toiled after health and beauty, lying on his back with closed eyes on rocks so sharp that they would have added to the miseries of Prometheus. Once an hour, after innumerable rollings, he would creep into the water again and puff round the island till duty called him back to his sun-bathing. As he lay on his back with paunch in the air, people on the other side of the lake must have thought that a new headland had risen out of the water.

On Sundays, boat-loads of brown-skinned youths and maidens crossed the lake from a neighbouring port, singing songs. They were beautiful; they were happy; and their skins shone in the sun. Had I been able to change lives with them, I should have been tempted to do so, and to live in a perpetual paradise of bathing in the sun and singing. I will confess that for a day or two I emulated them apart from the singing. I, too, walked boldly into the sun and, having dipped myself into the water, sat down in the blaze of the sun at one of the tavern tables, wearing only a black felt hat, the sort of insufficient bathing-pants for which Mr. A. P. Herbert has been clamouring, and a pair of patent-leather slippers. The garb cannot have been orthodox, for I heard that, when I was not looking, the faces of visitors brightened at sight of me and that they turned their cameras on me as the local freak on the lakeside. I did not know this at the time, however, and found it very pleasant to sit in the full eye of the sun and let the breeze play on my lean body, with a cigarette in my lips and a cooling drink on the table beside me.

I found it so pleasant, indeed, that I was tempted every day to give more and more time to it. If you have ever begun sun-bathing you will understand how the lotus-eaters became demoralised. Sun-bathing is not a game which you can play for a short time, like ping pong, and then reawaken contentedly to the duties of civilisation. It gets you into its grip. You feel that every hour of daylight that is not devoted to it is wasted. People who put on clothes and walk up the hill beyond the lane of cypresses, to see swallow-tail butterflies, you regard as mad. Books lose their interest. You do not care what happens to Europe, and you care still less what happens to America. All the sights and wonders of the world, save the sight and wonder of brown skin, mean as little to you as to a blind man. That, I think, is the real vice of sun-bathing. It is too absorbing, too exclusive of all the interests that have made Europeans what they are.

I believe everything that I have read about the curative properties of sunlight. I believe that, taken in moderation, like a bottle of medicine, it is one of the best of all medicines. But these people I saw sun-bathing were like perfectly healthy people drinking bottles of medicine all day long. I do not wish to suggest that they were injuring themselves physically, but the question is whether the European brain can survive so much sunlight. May it not be that all these people with the beautiful brown skins represent a gradual return to the ancient Mediterranean civilisation, or pre-civilisation, from which we are all sprung? Was it not only after he had lost his beautiful brown skin that the European built temple and cathedral, bridge and city, painted great pictures and wrote great poems, and invented machines and the first really efficient devices for warfare? May it not be that, for perfect development, man, like the lettuce, needs a certain obscurity from the light? Even the potato lies hidden from the sun, drawing all the sunshine it needs through its otherwise worthless leaves.

Much has been written on the philosophy of clothes, and most of it favours the theory that man would never have become the lord of creation if he had remained the sun-bather that he was born. Before his intellect could grow his body had to be bleached under strange garments. He protected his head from the sun with a hat, and his brain acquired a new sensitiveness. Old-fashioned missionaries have often been criticised for compelling their savage converts to dress themselves like Christians, but, though they may have been mistaken in their theology, how instinctively right they were in the interests of civilisation! After all, our own ancestors went through a long process of bleaching, and how excellent were the results may be seen in Europe to-day. Civilisation spread as men learned to take shelter from the sun. They hid from it in clothes and houses, and many of them fled from it into sunless climes and distant islands, such as England. *Hamlet* was born, not of the sun, but of sunlessness. How cunningly veiled is the sunlight in the great cathedrals! Would the House of Commons gain in dignity if its members congregated in bathing-pants on the banks of the Thames for their deliberations? My convictions are fluid in regard to sun-bathing, but I hold that we ought to proceed

cautiously in the matter and not plunge recklessly back into a brown-skinned civilisation from which we may never be able to emerge again. We must always remember that it is to a bleached and gouty race that we owe the position in which we are in 1932. No brown-skinned generation could have brought us to this. Y. Y.

Correspondence

THE FUTURE OF THE LABOUR PARTY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—There is one sentence in Sir Stafford Cripps's otherwise cheering article which gives one some misgiving.

Halfway through his argument he mentions "a second aspect (*sic*) of the Labour Party's approach to power which is also (*sic*) important"; viz., that "Socialism has largely been, and still is widely considered (*sic*) to be, the creed of the 'underdog' trying to wrest justice, etc., etc."

If this "aspect" of Socialism is to be regarded by the Labour Party as of only secondary importance, then one fears that Sir Stafford's hopes of recapturing and reviving the religious fervour of the old days are doomed to disappointment. The early pioneers made this *class* approach to the question of policy the very centre and basis of their whole attitude. In the whole passage of William Morris's which Sir Stafford quotes we are very explicitly told that the required intelligence, courage and power must animate, not something vague called an electorate, but "the due effective majority of *the working people*"; and one is pretty sure that to Morris this latter part of his declaration was as important as the first part.

I hope that in its new programme the Labour Party is going to take an unflinching *class* stand. I am sure that it is the business of Socialists in the Party to see that it does.

72 Gower Street, W.C.1. J. F. HORRABIN.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Unless Sir Stafford Cripps wishes to establish a termite existence for the human species, he will have to face the fact that the "masses" are made up of widely differing individuals. There is as definite a relation between the "under dog" and mental deficiency, atavism and lack of will as there is between exaggerated wealth and greed and selfishness. The Socialist appears wilfully to ignore that "classes" and differences are, fundamentally, the result of as yet unknown biological and psychological laws. Between Bernard Shaw and any one member of the million unemployable in England to-day there is probably a gap as wide as that separating *homo sapiens* from the ape, and that is why Shaw sleeps where he does and the latter in a common lodging house. The only way to ensure that unemployable having a bed like Shaw's would be to subsidise him by capital—State or private.

Mr. H. G. Wells in "Project of a World Society" put his finger on the spot: "Most Labour Parties meet to debate . . . but *none meet to learn*." There is now little difference between what the Junkers formerly aimed at and what the Socialists are aiming at—purely material aggrandisement. The other day Sir W. Morris said that soon people would be buying suites of motor cars as they now buy suites of furniture. It is probable he was interpreting the "masses'" dream of the New Jerusalem.

The root of the trouble lies, as Sir Alfred Ewing said in his presidential address to the British Association, in this: "The command of Nature has been put into man's hands before he knows how to command himself." And again: "Some may envisage a distant Utopia in which there will be perfect adjustment of labour and the fruits of labour. . . . A fair spreading of all the commodities that machines produce. . . . Even so the question will remain. How is man to spend the leisure he has won? . . . Dare he hope for such spiritual betterment as will qualify him to use it well?" J. GARLICK.

23 Downside Crescent, N.W.3.

MR. WELLS'S NEW SOCIETY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In "The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind" Mr. Wells has told and convinced us that "The development of modern industrialism has changed a world of insufficiency to a world of potential universal plenty." Seventy years ago John Stuart Mill wrote that "Poverty in any sense implying suffering may be completely extinguished by the wisdom of society and the good sense and providence of individuals"; and in a recent book John A. Hobson has said that "Poverty could be abolished without any miraculous additions to our control over our environment, or any miraculous changes in human mind or morals."

I suggest to Mr. Wells that the primary and most urgent educational task to-day is to teach the world the fact of potential universal plenty and the economics of plenty. I suggest further that his new society should have this single and simple object, "The End of Poverty in our Generation," and that its membership be restricted to young people between the ages of eighteen and thirty (older folk might join as associates). To quote from Sir Arthur Salter's *Recovery*:

> We are, if we could but grapple with our fate, the most fortunate of the generations of men. . . . *Now, and now only*, our material resources are enough to afford to every man of the world's teeming population, physical comfort, adequate leisure and access to everything in our rich heritage of civilisation that he has the personal quality to enjoy.

What a ringing challenge to the youth of this post-war generation! The modern industrial machine brought death to their fathers. The sons and daughters may so direct that very machine as to bring life and life more abundantly to all the families of mankind. And thus might the tragedy of the great war be sublimely avenged. JOHN PRATT.

Westgate Court, The Avenue,
Beckenham.

THE MOYNE REPORT ON KENYA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Omniscience cannot be expected, even in an editor, but the public has a right to expect judgment and an honest desire to publish the truth. Presumably the matter of your paragraph 3, page 2, of July 2nd was contributed: it is grotesquely incorrect and has no foundation in the Moyne report, which I have before me.

I challenge you to quote, with page references, (1) any words which can be interpreted as meaning "the system of taxation and expenditure is grossly inequable"; (2) the whole passage or passages where the words "entirely inadequate" and "sadly neglected" (your commas) appear (I cannot find them); (3) the passage where Lord Moyne recommended that "the native tax should be reduced from 12s. to 6s. per head." He recommends no reduction but a redistribution.

Lord Moyne's report can be divided into (a) statements of fact and statistical tables and (b) conclusions drawn from these. Some of the conclusions which are less favourable to Europeans do not appear to be warranted by the statements and figures, but the finding is that there is no clear evidence of injustice as between the Native and European communities. . . .

"Everyone who has ever talked to a native of Kenya" apparently does not refer to inhabitants of Kenya, either European or Native. For more than eleven years (with four months' holiday) I have been in daily contact with Kenya Natives, and, in spite of having often asked the more intelligent of them leading questions with regard to the native attitude to registration, I have never obtained any evidence that there is the least resentment. This grievance is manufactured by agitators, one of whom I suspect of being your contributor.

Your words "the natives have been paying annually for some twenty-five years two or three million pounds more than their share in taxation" are difficult to maintain in view of the fact that the *total* revenue from natives in 1931 was £791,100 (page 24) plus a proportion of the £340,675 unallotted (page 97).

All recent Commissions to Kenya have remarked on the excellent relations between European and Natives and you have consistently suggested that such remarks are either insincere or ill-informed. You now follow the same policy with Lord Moyne's "lavish sprinkling of compliments." O. R. ARNELL.

[Reasons of space have compelled us to omit from this letter a long passage which is not relevant to our correspondent's attack upon this paper.

We will take our correspondent's points in order. He asks us to substantiate the statement that Lord Moyne's report is "really a devastating criticism" of white policy in Kenya. The passages which trouble him are:

A—"grossly inequable"—as applied to Kenya finance.

B—"entirely inadequate"—as applied to Government attention to native development.

C—"sadly neglected"—as applied to education and social services for Africans.

D—"the native tax should be reduced from 12s. to 6s. per head"—as a recommendation of Lord Moyne's.

It would be tedious to quote all the material from the report which justifies these challenged passages, but we cite a few examples. There are plenty more.

Re A, "grossly inequable":

P. 26. "I have formed the opinion that in the development of the undivided Colonial services in Kenya the prevailing bias has been towards the convenience of a civilisation in which the native so far shares little of the direct advantages."

P. 38. ". . . high level of native taxation in proportion to native wealth."

P. 41. ". . . inequality of treatment between natives and non-natives with regard to agricultural services."

P. 43. He is "convinced of the urgent need that the more backward community shall get a fair share from central funds."

P. 59. "The non-native population of Kenya are in the probably unparalleled position of bearing no direct taxation at all beyond a male poll tax of Shs. 30, a male education tax of Shs. 20 or Shs. 30, and a comparatively light scale of death-duties."

Re B, "entirely inadequate":

P. 41. "Insufficiency of Government grants" for native services "although such grants are given to defray the whole cost of analogous services in settled areas."

P. 33. He reports the withdrawal of one medical officer from Central Kavirondo "leaving one Medical Officer for a population of 343,205."

P. 33. He reports the withdrawal of "the only Medical Officer" from the Masai Reserve, population 50,402.

P. 31. "Local Native Councils have since 1926 voted £33,381 for the provision of school buildings to make up for the insufficiency of Government grants," although "accommodation on a very generous scale" has been provided by Government for Europeans and Indians entirely from central funds.

P. 33. "Expenditure for direct native medical services has been unduly reduced."

P. 34. "I am convinced that not enough attention is being paid at present to native development."

Re C, "sadly neglected":

P. 35. "Other agricultural research has been devoted to European rather than to native problems."

P. 41. In one Province "whereas £7,578 is raised in direct native taxation only £710 comes back in services of direct native benefit."

P. 34. "Local Native Councils provided £8,497 in 1931 for agricultural and veterinary services, although the whole expenditure on the corresponding non-native services was made from central funds."

P. 31. Roads in Native Reserves "should in equity be afforded a larger share of assistance from central funds."

P. 33. ". . . there is a strong case for securing more adequate provision" (for native services).

P. 31. He is "satisfied that items of reduction in the education estimates for 1932 have involved decreases both in the number of natives who can be taught and the efficiency of their instruction beyond what is fair in consideration of native contributions to taxation."

Re D, "reduction of native tax from 12s. to 6s. a head":

As at present collected the poll tax is 12s. per adult male native. Paragraph 22 of the report on page 14 begins:

> "Poll-tax as now collected should be replaced as soon as possible by a uniform adult male poll-tax of Shs. 6."

Could justification go farther? We are grateful to our correspondent, however, for pointing out that "entirely inadequate" and "sadly neglected" were erroneously printed in inverted commas. They were Lord Moyne's conclusions but not his phrases.

As for our correspondent's astonishing statement that he knows of no evidence of native resentment against the Kenya system of registration, he had better read the official report of the evidence given by African witnesses before the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons on East Africa.

Finally in regard to the sentence beginning "the natives have been paying annually for some twenty-five years" it should have read "paying annually for some twenty-five years taxation *aggregating* to two or three million pounds more than their share."

The undeniable facts are that, taking the payments which Lord Moyne defines as direct taxation, the official reports of the Kenya Treasury show that up to and including 1930, Africans have contributed over £7,500,000; non-Africans have contributed £757,922. This heavy excess of contribution by Africans has not been used on services for Africans. It has, in the main, been used by the Kenya Government to subsidise European colonisation and to pay the general overhead expenses of government. In a generous estimate the grant-in-aid collected from Africans and utilised in support of white colonisation amounts at least to two or three million pounds.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

NATIVE RACES AND THE EMPIRE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Whatever the degree of gratification we may feel at the outcome of the Ottawa Conference, it must be admitted that only by contributing to the Empire the best that is in each of us can its actions and its hopes be translated into speedy results. One subject which, amid the welter of tariffs and quotas, the Conference seems to have had little time to consider is the immense value of the native races within the Empire as producers of raw material and consumers of manufactured articles. My investigations during a visit to West Africa, and as a member of the Parliamentary Commission to East Africa in 1924, provide ample justification of this assertion.

Some of us who have the welfare of the native races at heart are not a little troubled from an economic point of view—to put it on no higher plane—at the imports of spirituous liquors, usually of the lowest grade, into our colonies and protectorates. Permit me to quote two examples. Last year West Africa imported over one million gallons of spirituous liquors, principally crude gin, which no European would drink. I would suggest that the cost of this degrading traffic would have made a welcome contribution to our textile and other sorely troubled industries.

Another disturbing example is the increase of drinking facilities in Palestine. Young Moslems are now acquiring the habit of drinking alcohol in spite of their religion. Many people who are not abstainers, with a knowledge of the native races, would testify to the demoralisation, degradation, and misery which follow the supply of alcohol to native races, and to the serious harm that is being done to trade within the Empire.

21 Gt. Peter Street, Westminster, S.W.1. FREDK. C. LINFIELD.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DARDANELLES

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In a review of our book *The Tragedy of the Dardanelles* by Edmond Delage in your issue of Aug. 27th your reviewer says: "Monsieur Delage does not appear to have heard of Duckworth's naval expedition against Constantinople." I am afraid your reviewer cannot have made a very careful search in the book before committing himself to this statement, as the expedition in question is mentioned in two places and, even by glancing at the index, he would have been able to correct his mistake. I should be glad if you could find space to correct this error, as such a statement, if allowed to pass unchallenged, would reflect on the reputation of Monsieur Delage as a serious historian.

The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W.1. LINDSAY DRUMMOND, for JOHN LANE, LIMITED.

THE POEMS OF D. H. LAWRENCE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Until I read Mr. Witherby's letter in your last issue I was not aware that the Book Society had recommended the Collected Poems of D. H. Lawrence. By chance, however, I had taken the book with me for holiday reading and made the same discovery as Mr. Witherby. Although I did this in that atmosphere of Continental laxity which notoriously has a soporific effect on the innate moral sense of Englishmen, I need hardly say that the "dirty word" gave me a nasty jar. How much more so had I encountered it in England!

I am writing not to air my private grievance, but to put in a word for the Committee of the Book Society. The "dirty word" exists in the recommended book, and the Committee must be presumed to have seen it; *but did they know what it means?* I am sure they did not. Apart from this single instance, where in the whole range of English literature would they meet with the word outside the class of books known as "pornographical" or "banned," books which it were libellous to suggest they have ever read. The explanation, therefore, must be that the Committee, having no knowledge of the word and not finding

it in the dictionary, took it for a *perfectly innocent* piece of the dialect in which the poem is written. Now that the truth has come to light, if they withdraw their recommendation, Mr. Witherby's confidence will, I hope, be restored.

49 Princes Square, W.2. J. R. A. BRADLEY.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—It was with a very vivid pleasure, I might almost say joy, that I read Mr. Alex. Witherby's protest against the recommendation of the man Lawrence's poems by the Book Society. We all too seldom see courageous utterances directed against the modern fashion of filth-mongering. But I do not think (if I may say so) that Mr. Witherby's protest goes far enough. These poems are *collected* poems. Who collected them? Why should they be collected? Who would think of collecting dirt from the street and bringing it into the home of his female relatives? Or even quite clean dirt from the fields? Yet that is what the collection of this literary filth entails.

I will conclude by quoting Cicero's noble *cri du cœur! O tempora! O mores!* MARTITA BARLEY.

The Vicarage, Bell.

Miscellany

MRS. GRUNDY AT THE PARKERS'

WHEN Mrs. Grundy called at the Parkers', she was informed by the maid that they were "Not at home."

"Do you mean that your mistress is out or is not out?" she asked. Doris collapsed, and said that Mrs. Parker was in, but had rather a headache, and so was resting.

"Then have the goodness to tell her I am here, without further prevarication," said Mrs. Grundy, and seated herself in the austere drawing-room—such a contrast to her own cosy parlour. The Parkers enjoyed making themselves as well as other people uncomfortable, which she had never been able to understand.

"Ah, Amelia," said her friend, coming in. "Quite a voice from the past!"

"Edith, I called about something or other, but Doris's untruthfulness has put it clean out of my head. Why did she say you were not at home when you are?"

"Well, it is only a form of words; a modern convention. One has to keep pace with the times if one is to guide them and they sorely need our guidance."

"And have you the headache or have you not?" Mrs. Grundy persisted.

"I have. Still I am glad you forced your way in, for I want to talk about our methods of work. You don't interfere with people in quite the right way, you know. You are too desultory and impetuous. That was all right in the nineteenth century, when life was slow, and one could point to one impropriety after another with one's umbrella as they crossed the street—but to-day! Why, you'll get knocked down. You'll be run over by a motor bicycle, and before you can see whether it was a girl on the pillion she will have disappeared. To-day one must select and one must plan; civilisation is so complicated. Think of our triumph the other month—that man who was arrested for bathing at Worthing."

"Ah, don't talk to me about bathing. I often wish there was no such place in these islands as the sea-shore."

"That is shallow of you. If there was no sea-shore, how could we catch people on it? Besides, I approve of bathing, provided it is so regulated that no one can enjoy it. We are working towards that. You were a great pioneer, but you made the mistake of trying to suppress people's pleasure. I try to spoil their pleasure. It's much more effective. I don't say, 'You shan't bathe.' I say, 'You shall bathe in an atmosphere of self-consciousness and fear,' and I think I am succeeding. I certainly have at Worthing."

"I expect I read about Worthing, but where everything is so shameless one gets bewildered."

"Why, the case of the visitor who bathed, properly clad, and then returned to his bathing machine to dry. Thinking no one could see him, since the machine faced the ocean, he left its door open. He had reckoned without my foresight. I had arranged that a policewoman should be swimming out at sea. As soon as she observed him, she signalled to a policeman on shore, who went to the machine and arrested him. Now, Amelia, would you have ever thought of that?"

"I certainly shouldn't have. I don't like the idea of women policemen at all. A woman's proper place is in her home."

"But surely there can't be too many women anywhere."

"I don't know. Anyhow, I am glad the visitor was arrested. It will stop him and others going to English seaside resorts, which is a step in the right direction, and I hope the magistrate convicted."

"Oh, yes. Magistrates nearly always convict. They are afraid of being thought to condone immorality. As my husband points out, that is one of our strong cards. In his private capacity the magistrate was probably not shocked. The average man simply doesn't mind, you see. He doesn't mind about bathing costumes or their absence, or bad language, or indecent literature, or even about sex." At this point she rang the bell. "Doris, bring the smelling salts," she said, for Mrs. Grundy had fainted. When consciousness had been restored, she continued: "No, nor even about sex, and we social workers of the twentieth century cannot ignore sex; what we can do is to make it a burden. And we are faced with the difficulty that the average man, if left to himself, does not brood, and forgets to persecute. He has habits instead of ideals. Isn't that too dreadful! He says in effect, 'I go my way about sex or whatever it is, and I let others go theirs, even if I think it queer. It isn't my funeral.' But it is going to be his funeral—at least I hope so."

"And what of the average woman?"

"She is a little more satisfactory, a little more apt to be scared. Though I have known sad cases of women saying, 'Pore thing, we don't take no notice although she did 'ave a little Unwanted, we treats her like one of ourselves.' You see what we are up against—tolerance, good-temper, and unsuspiciousness. It has been no easy matter to cover England with regulations from end to end."

Mrs. Grundy sighed. "I admit you manage to interfere more than I did," she said. "I expect it is as you say, and I was too impulsive. I hurried too much from vice to vice when I was young. I stood outside the music halls, to stop people going in, and then I heard profanity in the cab-shelter, and went to silence that, and while I was doing so the music hall filled up. I went to Africa to make the cannibals monogamous, and during my absence the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill became law in England. When it's daylight I can see people, which is scandalous, and at night-time I can't see them, which is worse. I simply don't know where to turn, and while I am insisting on ulsters for sunbathing the Deceased Husband's Brother's Bill will probably become law, too. You have a sounder method, Edith. You have brought in education, of which I never dreamt, and I am not surprised that your wonderful work gives you the headache."

"My headache, to which you now refer, has nothing to do with my work," replied her hostess. "It has been caused by a piece of bad news which has just arrived from the Continent. Even my husband is upset by it."

"If I had my way there never would have been any Continent," cried Mrs. Grundy, and proceeded to ask a series of agitated questions, such as had the bad news to do with chocolates being allowed in theatres, were sweepstakes to be legalised, was Sunday cricket spreading, had the King been seen patting a race-horse, and so on.

"No, you are quite off the lines. It has to do with something inside us."

"And pray, what can the Continent have to do with my inside?"

"Amelia, you must make an effort to understand. It concerns you as much as myself. It is a sort of discovery that has been made by a kind of doctor. Just as our work was prospering and we were making people stodgy and self-conscious under the pretence of building better citizens, just as we had bullied the lay authorities and coaxed the clerical into supporting us, just as interference was about to be launched on a colossal scale ——. But I despair of explaining what it is. Perhaps my husband will be able to." And she called out, "Nosey!"

Mr. Nosey Parker, who now joined the ladies, was scarcely their equal as a field worker. Where he excelled was on committees. Without being obtrusive, he managed to generate that official uneasiness upon which all their work depended. Let me explain. Each member of any committee has, of course, broken the law at some time or other, and desires to prove to his colleagues that he hasn't; he can do this best by being timid in discussion, and by voting for any measure that deprives the public of enjoyment. Furthermore, each member either has a daughter or feels that he ought to have one, and dares not oppose any censorship of art or literature in consequence. Mr. Parker realised all this. He had only to say "We must think of our daughters" and every one thought of their skins. He had only to say "I am not narrow-minded, but . . ." and broadness became impossible. He raised the banner of respectability and called it idealism. *Sauve qui peut* was embroidered in brown on its folds. And under it the municipal councillors or the board of magistrates or the jurymen gathered, all afraid of being found out, and when their duties concluded they had not done at all what they intended (which was, generally speaking, to let their fellow creatures alone), but had stopped one man from doing this and another from doing that, and had sent a third man to prison.

"Nosey, do explain what has happened," his wife said.

"Nothing has happened. It is only an idea."

"Ideas have never troubled me, especially from abroad," said Mrs. Grundy.

"You are fortunate. I own myself worried by this one. The idea is that we, who have helped others, ought now to be helped, and it is proposed to help us by pulling us to pieces." He shuddered. "To you that means little. But I have always had doubts of my own solidity. How can I bring it home to you? They desire to examine your intimate fabric, Mrs. Grundy: they suspect it of being diseased. My wife's and my own they assert to be even fouler than yours. They believe that we all three try to improve people because we envy their happiness and had bad luck ourselves when we were young. What so alarms me is that there is no bitterness in the new attack. We are actually objects of pity."

"And, pray, is that all?" said Mrs. Grundy, with her dry little laugh. "You may have given Edith a headache over this, but you have no such effect on me. I am quite accustomed to pity. I got a lot as a girl. It is merely a term of abuse, and I shall castigate it in due season. Good-bye, my dear sir, and take an old woman's advice: keep away from foreign newspapers in the future.". And, gathering up her skirts, she left their house—perhaps for her doom.

"Poor thing, she doesn't know the danger," said Mrs. Parker, looking after their friend anxiously, and observing how she first scowled at Doris and then lectured some navvies for using a word which had been devitalised twenty years previously by Mr. Bernard Shaw. "She is brave because she is out of date. But we—oh Nosey, Nosey! Fancy, if it gets known that interference is a disease which ought to be interfered with. Men and women will live as they like, they will be natural and decent about one another, and we shall boss and nag at them no more."

"Too true, too true," said her husband, "and yet I see a ray of hope. Our enemies cannot interfere with us unless they organise. As individuals they are helpless. They will have to form Freedom Leagues, or Anti-Fuss Societies or sign Beach Pyjama Covenants, and they cannot do so without constituting themselves into committees. And as soon as they meet on committees . . . yes, I think we shall survive after all."

Will they survive? Only Doris, who is the future, can tell.

E. M. FORSTER.

THE MUSIC SEASON

THE B.B.C. has now issued its list of symphony concerts with full programmes for next season beginning on October 19th; the programme of the Courtauld-Sargent concerts is also announced, and the details of Artur Schnabel's seven Beethoven recitals at the Queen's Hall commencing on October 22nd. These announcements invite certain comments.

At a first glance the B.B.C. programme is disappointing. There is not a single novelty in the first eleven concerts, and in the remaining seven concerts there are only three novelties. That is to say, there are only three first performances out of sixty-three items. Two of the three novelties have actually been performed at studio concerts, which leaves us with only one absolutely new work, namely, Hindemith's oratorio *Das Unaufhörliche*, which Sir Henry Wood is conducting on March 22nd. The other two items are Three Fragments from Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*, and Schönberg's "Variations for Orchestra" (Op. 31), which the composer is conducting. This latter is a late work, but it did not impress me as one of Schönberg's best efforts when I heard it. There is not a single new English work in the programme, but William Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast* is being performed again on November 2nd, and it is right that so recent a work by an able young English composer should be repeated. There is to be an Elgar festival consisting of three concerts on November 30th, December 7th and December 14th, each of which is devoted entirely to his compositions, but the astonishing thing is that his orchestral masterpiece, the rarely played symphonic poem *Falstaff*, is not included. This is too serious an omission to be passed over, and I am sure that on reflection Dr. Adrian Boult will agree that it is quite unthinkable to have an Elgar festival in London and omit the work which is not only his finest achievement in instrumental music, but one which is too exacting and too long for the average orchestral concert. What is the good of having our expensive B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, with its unique opportunities for rehearsal, if it is not used to perform works that are outside the resources of ordinary orchestras? Surely the banal A flat symphony might give place to *Falstaff* in the concert of November 30th, or the almost equally disappointing E flat symphony on December 7th? Presumably this festival is in honour of Sir Edward Elgar, but it does not honour him to perform his inferior works and to leave what is a really superior and outstanding achievement upon the library shelf. When the Finnish conductor Robert Kajanus was in London some months ago I found, in speaking with him, that he had never heard of Elgar's *Falstaff*, and when I told him that I thought it was the finest work Elgar had ever written he was astonished and took a note of it. But how are foreign musicians to know of our good English compositions if we ourselves ignore them in favour of inferior works?

Next we come to the main substance of the programmes, the classics. Here we have an assemblage of the obvious that is almost dreary. We can accept, however, the

Beethoven, Schubert and Mozart items with thankfulness, although there are lots of unfamiliar and neglected works by Mozart which ought to be performed, such as the C minor Mass and half a dozen of the pianoforte concertos. But what is to be said of the Tchaikovsky B minor (Pathétique) symphony and of the César Franck symphony? Surely they might be given a rest! And are we never to hear any symphony of Dvorak's except the E minor (From the New World)? Could we not have had a Schumann symphony and a work by Berlioz instead of the Franck and the Tchaikovsky?

Finally, there are the soloists. It is good to see that Artur Schnabel is playing the Beethoven E flat concerto on February 15th. Huberman and Casals are other interesting engagements, but it is odd to find Elena Gerhardt engaged to sing three songs by Richard Strauss on February 8th. I have never been able to find much pleasure in Strauss's songs, in which I can detect none of the genius that went into *Till Eulenspiegel* or even the *Domestic Symphony*, but perhaps I am in a minority on this point.

The Courtauld-Sargent concerts have a less hackneyed look. The first concert on October 10th consists of several quartets to be played by the Pro Arte Quartet and of Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel*, conducted by Malcolm Sargent. At the second concert in November a new violinist, Milstein, will appear in the violin concertos by Brahms and Tchaikovsky. A new symphony by Arnold Bax is a feature of the third concert in December, when a new work by Kodaly will be played and also a Concertanti Op. 84 by Haydn, which is unfamiliar. The best item in the whole season, however, and one that will draw every London music lover to the Queen's Hall that evening, is Berlioz's *Harold in Italy*, on January 16th. This programme also includes Mozart's Double Concerto in E flat for violin and viola, which will be played by Albert Sammons and Lionel Tertis, as well as Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast*. The most pleasing thing about Cortot's appearance in the concert of February 6th is that he is to play Chopin's Pianoforte Concerto in F minor Op. 21. It is a long time since I heard Cortot play really well, so long ago indeed that I cannot remember it, but perhaps we shall find that he plays Chopin better than he has been playing Beethoven. This season the Courtauld-Sargent concerts are to be repeated on *two* evenings following the first performance. This seems to me a risky experiment, but I hope my fears as to its success will prove groundless; it means that the Concert Club must have a very large membership to make it possible.

Finally, I must say a word about Mr. Schnabel's seven Beethoven Sonata recitals at the Queen's Hall, beginning on Saturday afternoon, October 22nd, at 3 o'clock. This series will include all Beethoven's sonatas for the pianoforte; they will not be played in chronological order, but grouped so as to display Beethoven's whole creative range at each recital as far as possible. I should like to impress upon all music lovers the importance of this series of recitals. A great number of Beethoven's sonatas are quite unfamiliar to the musical public. This is not because they are in any way inferior, but because of the tendency of pianists to learn only a few of the most popular ones, which they go on repeating. I can assure those who do not know the whole of Beethoven's work for the pianoforte that this series of recitals will be a revelation. I need not say anything about the quality of Schnabel's playing because this is universally admitted to be unique. A special programme of the whole series with full analytical notes by the well-known German musicologist Dr. Hugo Leichtentritt, priced half a crown, is now available.

I have not yet received any particulars of the forthcoming activities of the new orchestras of the L.S.O. and the Royal Philharmonic Society, but Sir Hamilton Harty and Sir Thomas Beecham will be connected with them, and we may expect interesting results of their respective collaborations.

W. J. TURNER.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Hollywood in Russia

HOW far it is either possible or legitimate to separate the political from the cinematic aspects in one's judgment of Russian films is a difficult question. The political lesson that the producers of *The Diary of a Revolutionist* (Academy, September 11th) seek to photograph is that the defenders of the Soviets must never relax their efforts against the industrial sabotage carried on by White counter-revolutionaries. A secondary theme is that Russian workers have a very good time when they go to the Crimea for their holidays.

The story of the film is complicated and melodramatic. An overworked Bolshevik official is sent to the Crimea to recuperate. On the way down he fills in his diary and recalls that ten years earlier he had made the same journey in a successful attempt to relieve a Red outpost hard pressed by Tsarist supporters. On this second visit he discovers that Belova, one of his earlier enemies, is now married to a Bolshevik marine engineer and is using her position to delay the Government's ship-building programme. She is finally discovered in her treachery and the G.P.U. put an end to her activities. The device of a diary with flashbacks and pages of writing is tedious. The hero irrevelantly dies from heart-failure as he is about to expose the saboteuse and can surely provide only the very unsophisticated with more than half a minute's suspense. The villainess is as snaky and voluptuous as anything Hollywood has produced, and the comrades go around clasping hands and looking loyal in the regular "stout-fellow" manner.

Fifty-Fifty

There are possibilities in the idea of a millionaire speculator who is so occupied with platinum, gum, bristleless brushes, theatrical production and other enterprises that he can never remember whether he has any children or not. "No, no, I have no son," Sir Charles murmurs distractedly, as he embraces his secretary by mistake, and we feel that given the easy nonchalance of Mr. Ralph Lynn and the genial atmosphere of the Aldwych we can count on an hilarious evening. Unfortunately, Mr. Lynn has to bear all the brunt. First as the dejected music teacher who has been down-trodden from birth, and then as the successful general manager of the Casinos, St. Nectare, he tries to provide by gesture, smile and shrug what the play lacks in pleasing absurdity. The latest of the Aldwych farces, in being translated from the French, has no doubt lost in impropriety without gaining in wit. The familiar roar which gladdens the ears of Mr. Tom Walls' company is only intermittent. It is provoked chiefly by Mr. Lynn or by Mr. Frederick Burtwell, who as Signor Stromboli, a Napoleon of commerce, is deflated by the chances of life to a porter who joys in honest toil. The incomparable Mr. J. Roberston Hare has small opportunity for exhibiting his natural pathos, and Miss Mary Brough, robust as ever, makes but one stormy entrance to defend the cause of peace and quiet.

Rhyme and Rhythm

Where a musical entertainment is concerned, there is much merit in swiftness. The diversions of *Rhyme and Rhythm*, at the Winter Garden, follow so quickly upon each other that the reluctant smile at a bad joke expands genially into the loud laugh at a good one before reflection can sour the critic. The rhythm is much better than the rhyme; and there is always Mr. Laddie Cliff's sunny imbecility. Miss Phyllis Monkman's skit on an actress who writes for the Sunday papers might have contained less malice and more wit. However, speed, brightness and an assumed modesty are bound to please. Mr. Laddie Cliff can always make self-depreciatory gestures secure in the knowledge that the audience will murmur, "Not at all." "I will just sing a little song," he remarks earnestly "and then I will jump off the end of the pier on a flaming bicycle."

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Promenade Concert, Queen's Hall, nightly, 8.

Sunday, September 11th—

S. K. Ratcliffe on "Rebuilding a Community," Conway Hall, 11.

"Diary of a Revolutionist," Academy Cinema.

Monday, September 12th—

"Maya," Gate Theatre Studio.

"Crazy Month Opens," Palladium.

Tuesday, September 13th—

"Too True to be Good," New.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

LORD ZETLAND'S biography of Lord Cromer has just been published by Hodder and Stoughton at the price of 25s. It is an able and provocative monograph. His avowed endeavour is to "paint in that part of the canvas which Cromer himself left bare." To that extent his volume must be regarded as an essential appendix to *Modern Egypt*. Yet Lord Zetland has also had other, and more didactic, purposes in mind. He has aimed not only at conveying to posterity what manner of man Lord Cromer was: he has gone farther: he has taken his huge Proconsul as the archetype of a now fading attitude of mind, as the symbol of a now vanishing desire imperiously to rule. He has depicted the courage and consistency of such a temperament, and he has contrasted it with the hesitations of twentieth-century democracy. In a sense, therefore, his biography is a study *à thèse*: the underlying thesis is "the difficulty of reconciling the aspirations born of a sane and lofty imperialism" with the aspirations evolving from nationalism, self-determination and the belief in the equality of the human race. Not that the existence of this unexpressed thesis detracts from the value of this volume: on the contrary, it is by approaching his hero from this angle that Lord Zetland succeeds in furnishing answers to many, if not all, of the questions which we should wish to put.

* * *

The character of Lord Cromer, as divulged in this biography, is contradictory yet solid. On the one hand we have the perfect public servant—obedient and imperturbable, cautious and calculating, sensible and firmly balanced. We have a man who scorned publicity, who was invariably willing to allow others to derive credit from his own achievements, who could silently assume the odium of mistakes which were not of his own doing. A man self-reliant and yet submissive, practical and yet suggestive, determined yet not unyielding. His discretion amounted almost to secretiveness. His subordination to his superiors, his "sense of public duty," was as a rock of granite:

> "I am," he wrote, "much too old an official hack to mind in the very least my opinion being set aside. I shall carry out faithfully whatever instructions I receive. But do not ask me to say that I approve of the arrangement: that I am unable to do. I think it a bad one."

That phrase is illustrative. However correct may have been Lord Cromer's official attitude towards the shifting shadows of Downing Street, there always remained in the cup of acquiescence which he tendered a sediment of independence, of inconvenient outspokenness, almost of contradiction. He was always there: what was worse, he was generally right, and what was worst of all, he was so devilishly precise. There were no "havens of ambiguity" about Lord Cromer. "Pray avoid," wrote Lord Granville, "in your official telegrams expressions which can be laid hold of." Never has the delicate relation between the politician and the man of action been more frankly expressed.

* * *

Then Lord Cromer, in spite of his Friesian origin, was severely English. There was always that background of Norfolk gamekeepers and Scotch gillies, of good Latin and execrable French, of ball games and Christian morals. "Whilst you," he wrote to Kitchener in 1898, "are shooting Dervishes I may as well be shooting grouse." His conception of diplomacy, moreover, was wholly unforeign. He was never voluble or explanatory: he "smoked endless cigarettes in solemn silence": he hated all forms of cleverness, insincerity or bad faith. To the Egyptians also his attitude was commendably British. He preferred the *fellah* to the bondholders, he thought much more about the reduction of taxation than about the *Caisse de la Dette*. He had learnt the lesson that in dealing with Oriental races it is unwise to meet them upon the ground of their own choosing: he remained always inscrutable, immutable, aloof, knowing well that in argument with Orientals explanation slides into misunderstanding, reason into sophistry, contention into dialectics. "I occasionally hold up the forefinger of warning and say that generally I am not at all pleased. This produces an impression that there is thunder in the air." No man knew better how to profit by the Oriental's fear of the unexpressed, by his inordinate terror of assuming personal responsibility. With "rock-like patience" Cromer waited, and they came to heel.

There are, on the other hand, traces in his character of an heredity alien to the Anglo-Saxon stock. His dislike, for instance, of sentimental formulas, of "that want of accuracy which often characterises those whose emotions predominate over their reason." His love of culture, and his passion for self-education. The quality, above all, of his financial aptitudes and his preference for small, short profits above long-term speculations. And, finally, his peculiar brand of ambition, reserved and dumb, impersonal and silent, yet tenacious in the "inexorable progress of his plan."

* * *

Our admiration for Cromer's character is much enhanced by reading Lord Zetland's biography. He emerges predominantly as a man of hard wisdom and gentle selflessness: as a man who referred his every action to a human, but never to a narrow, principle of conduct, as a man who believed overpoweringly in his duty towards the populations committed to his guidance. Cromer was no vulgar imperialist:

> "Surely," he wrote in 1884, "it is a cruel fate that drives me, with all my strong opinions against an extension of territory . . . and with strong anti-Jingo convictions which deepen every year I live, to be constantly making proposals which, at all events at first sight, have a strong Jingo flavour. . . . In this uncongenial political atmosphere I am always having to act and to speak in exactly the opposite way to what I should wish."

He believed, with Curzon, that Providence had designated the British Empire as the chosen protector of the backward or the oppressed. It was this conviction which, in a position of initial falsity and ever-increasing contradiction, gave to his rule in Egypt the continuity of a wholly simple motive. Cromer was fated to become the instrument of the most equivocal policy which even Great Britain has ever pursued: yet he emerges from this ordeal with his personal integrity unassailable and unassailed. And his practical achievements constitute a monument more durable than the ingratitude of the people for whom he strove.

* * *

In spite of this, however, there are certain reservations which will occur to the reader of this biography. Lord Zetland tells us, and rightly, of Cromer's difficulties: he says almost nothing of the fortuitous advantages by which those difficulties were outweighed. Yet in fact there were many chance circumstances without which Cromer could never have remained in control. In the first place he had to deal, not with Young Egypt, but with a generation which possessed a lively recollection of Ismail and which saw as the sole alternative to British evacuation an enforcement of Turkish suzerainty. In the second place the timidity of Abdul Hamid played directly into our hands. In the third place the Khedive Tewfik was subservient, and Abbas Hilmi immature. In the fourth place Prince Bismarck desired us to remain in Egypt and to keep open "the running sore" with France. In the fifth place the French hesitated to push things to a conclusion, and the Italians were occupied elsewhere. But, above all, opinion in England was predominantly convinced of the need and justification of holding Egypt by force. Lord Cromer, it is true, never found himself obliged to stress these arguments, yet they existed, and, in the aggregate, they were decisive.

They none of them exist to-day. HAROLD NICOLSON.

NEW NOVELS

Miracles by Arrangement. By NORMAN LINDSAY. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

The Solid Man. By O'REILLY COGHLAN. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

Butler's Gift. By MARTIN HARE. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

The Cat Who Saw God. By ANNA GORDON KEOWN. Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.

Miracles by Arrangement deals—and deals faithfully—with life in Sydney. The Gresham family hold the centre of the stage. Mr. Gresham is a well-to-do architect, a little sensitive, a little weak, an amazingly patient and indulgent father and husband, yearning for the release of adventure, but perpetually frustrated by the fact that to him passion is much more of an objective than an impulse. His wife ("Baby") is the eternally young, eternally undeveloped, lazy, sensuous, inevitable demi-vierge, and Nina her daughter can claim a place high up among the most odious characters in fiction. There are also two sons. Wally is a drunken journalist who enters his father's office with the words: ". . . dynamite and diarrhœa. Rot! Coprophilia plus a relaxed sub-conscious. Rot . . ." With "rot" he has, no doubt, found the right word, but for someone who has come to borrow money his opening remarks seem a little curious.

Jerry is about sixteen and spends his time entirely amongst what Mr. Lindsay calls (all too often) "bucolics." His obscene drawings and sordid affairs with servants and farm hands play a large part in the book. But in this nightmare of democracy there are neither classifications nor classes. Every squalor is born free and equal, beyond the discipline of a differentiation.

Mr. Lindsay's indictment is so magnificently impartial that he has taken in one of our most intelligent critics. He never winks and he never comments. He gives no helping hand to the reader. His Australian scene is a nightmare, but you feel at once that it is no dream. Nothing has been toned down and nothing has been absorbed in this sophistication without civilisation. Psycho-analysis is there, and psychology, but they have come like a team of visiting intellectual athletes, leaving behind memories of how the stroke should be played.

It is the juxtaposition of the complicated and the crude, those eternal hostilities to which alone tradition can provide an armistice, that Mr. Lindsay conveys with such consummate art. He has most irritating tricks: an excessive use of unnecessarily repellent words and above all an inability to allow adjectives to remain adjectives, forcing them to prostitute themselves into nouns and verbs (a "malignant," "concreted"). But he is always and inevitably a writer (". . . a rich rolling voice with gravy in its undertones"). He doesn't seek effects, they belong to his vision. At first you think that you are being disgusted in order to be disgusted, but later you recognise that the author is in complete control of the situation: each shock has been jerked into its appointed place in a careful and brilliant design.

Moreover Mr. Lindsay can be as quiet as Jane Austen:

> . . . there were exposures going on at that table which no self-respecting rejector of a family desires an audience for. There was the way Ronny and his mother talked, for example, a certain inflection, which excluded all others as inferiors by an understood excellence in themselves. Ronny's staccato impertinences made a point of overstating it and Fanny Tregear's niceness went a point further by never stating it. The art of exclusiveness was seen at its best when a servant entered Fanny's presence. Instantly Fanny was unaware that servants existed, while allowing a distant strand of consciousness to be aware of their functioning, as if dishes arrived at the table by supernatural agency. With drooped eyelids, and an immaculate indrawing of her being from impure contacts, she found dishes before her and served them, and spirit hands whisked them round the table. Only when the servant had left the room there was expressed a faintly stressed return to niceness; an ordeal had been endured and an offence removed.

From any page of *Miracles by Arrangement* you could pick a passage which would make the reader of a review believe the book to be infinitely silly. But Mr. Lindsay has the right to demand from his readers the conscientiousness he has devoted to them. Each passage is a piece in a jigsaw. There are no comments and no inverted commas. Like many other writers of genius, Mr. Lindsay is the cook and the waiter of the fare he serves to us, never the commentator or the apostle. Every scene and every conversation is flicked with the lash of his imagination. At last we know where to find the most horrible Society that progress has yet produced.

After the cubistic squalor of Sydney with the surf continually lathering as a possible escape, the drab squalor of Mr. Coghlan's Halifax with its smelling canals and its routine vices seems a little tepid. There is something limp about the villainy, be it debauch or dishonesty. The weak blackguardly uncle, his bibulous boasts laced with religion, is too much of a stock character. The narrator Frank, the Oxford undergraduate, is a mere dummy, Felix is low, sordid, degenerate and lewd, Gil is gay and dishonest, Essie is spirited (more or less), etc., etc. They none of them come to life. Some of the dialogue is moderately entertaining, it reads like competent reporting. But you never feel the impulse to turn over a page. The difference between Mr. Coghlan and Mr. Lindsay is the difference between writing quite well and being a writer.

Butler's Gift is an entrancing book. The publisher's "blurb" (I presume that publishers' "blurbs" are there to persuade the reader to buy and exonerate the reviewer from reading) will tell you that Philip Silver, a Liverpool bank clerk, on being informed by a remote cousin's solicitors that he will inherit a large property in Ireland, decides to visit some distant relatives in order to learn the ways of the "gentry." The Pallisers (one rector, one wife, three daughters and one son) are as aristocratic and impoverished as melodrama might have made them, but it is here that Miss (it must surely be Miss ?) Hare steps in. She is as delicately sparing of the picturesque as Jane Austen herself, and as exquisitely selective of her emphasis. There are moments which swell with latent emotion; there is even a scene where passion darting from its ambush destroys its own hope and reality, but Miss Hare is as incapable of a loud note as she is of a false one. The wooden Mr. Palliser is absolutely alive with his unsentimentalised love for the son, "of whom he had once intended to be proud." Frances is a very vivid figure, and though Elizabeth is altogether delightful on a somewhat too conventional pattern, and Clodagh is almost too unpleasant to be true, life is always there or thereabouts. Miss Hare has tried to make a bank clerk of Philip, but her inherent distinction has stood in her way. She conscientiously injects "kid" and other revolting expressions into his vocabulary; she tells us of his social preoccupations, but, do what she may, the gentleman pops out—which is probably what would have happened in a cousin of the Pallisers.

There are so many accepted slips that Miss Hare avoids! On almost every page one would wish to send her a discreet message of gratitude (discreet enough to meet her own discretion). Her period is the period of the Black and Tans. Her scene is laid in County Cork. She does not overlook these facts as Jane Austen overlooked the Napoleonic wars. There is even a raid, but events are only in the air, as events must be to all of those who are not actually killing and being killed.

Again, so many writers furnish their rooms, providing, as a shop might provide, significant detail. Miss Hare never needs to search for the significant. If there is an old carriage it *is* an old carriage, not an old carriage by grace of Mr. Guedalla. Her emphasis is perfect because it chooses without exploiting. *Butler's Gift* (a silly title) is a pleasure to read and a pleasure to write about.

I opened *The Cat Who Saw God* with the gravest misgivings. I don't like the allegorical (if I understand it I am bored, and if I don't understand it I am bewildered). I don't like the fantastic, I don't like the supernatural, and I don't like the wilful. (The title, *The Cat Who Saw God*, is undeniably wilful.) Also, I like cats. Nor is the first chapter of Miss Keown's book encouraging. It begins on a note of intelligent jauntiness which later ripens into a note of intellectual jocularity. But, as in the case of Mr. Lindsay, one is dealing with a writer—a rare and delicious thing in these days when so many people write.

Miss Eliza Barbeston (one of those infinitely sympathetic characters all too dear to novelists) has bought an exquisite old house hanging by its eyelashes to a steep hill. On the first night of her possession a cat enters and talks (continuing throughout the book to talk) in a way that occasionally gives us almost too grave an appreciation of Miss Keown's erudition. It appears that Nero, after nineteen hundred years of Hell, has become bored and decided to go to Heaven, planning to achieve this purpose in the form of a cat by resisting the temptations of a cat. A considerable amount of very entertaining dialogue ensues between Miss Eliza and the Emperor, but there are too

many local characters who break in and break up the design, agreeable though Sarah Lupin, her servant, is:

> . . . wearing, too, that humorous half-smile which is less smile than hereditary habit, and which hides behind it the dim world of sorrow rather than the shining world of amusement.

The cat's appearance before the assembled Bishops is delicious, preceded by the charming letter of the Bishop of Lanchester to his sister:

> I am not, upon occasion, unwilling to be *convinced*, but I take little delight in being *bewildered*.

And followed by the strange effects on the cat himself:

> When I think . . . that there are millions of my own species at this moment all over the country artlessly enjoying themselves in sublime ignorance of the fact that they are miserable and sinners, it makes me feel that no effort is too great, no sacrifice too exacting, to bring them to a sadder state of mind.

How the cat did see God I will leave to the reader. It is one of the best things in an unequal and often irritating book, which is, nevertheless, as I have said before, essentially the work of a writer. ELIZABETH BIBESCO.

THE CROWD

Mind and Money. By J. T. MACCURDY. Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.

Now that we are all driven to study it, economics is more than ever the dismal science. Any light that can be projected upon the muddled gloom in which the layman strives to relate the pronouncements of warring economists to the frantic incoherence of the international scene is to be welcomed. In this book Dr. MacCurdy presents us with a psychological searchlight which, after some very interesting instructions as to its manipulation, he swings in turn upon Germany, America, and the British Empire. If one cannot see eye to eye with Dr. MacCurdy, if one questions the power of his searchlight and even the importance of the objects which it enables him to see, one can at least be grateful for a new experience. There is a great deal of truth in Dr. MacCurdy's main contention, that the economist has not enough data with which to find a way unaided out of the world's troubles. It is your business, says this bold exponent of group psychology to the toiling economist, to get this job done, but you are like a mathematician who is worried by an unknown factor in his equation. You may be capable of getting the solution in general terms, but it is useless to neglect your unknown factor because you don't know the value to place upon it. I, on the other hand, says Dr. MacCurdy, don't know how to solve your equation, and I shall probably make any number of howlers in arguing with you, but I have a workable technique for evaluating what you neglect, and if by making too much of what I see I can persuade you to make a little of it, all may be well. In other words, we are invited to forget all about "economic man," with his limited, individual, conscious motives, and to study his behaviour as a member of this or that group actuated in times of crisis by powerful unconscious motives. It must be admitted that the howlers, the over-emphasis, the excessive confidence in making data fit a sketchy theory, are all here. But Dr. MacCurdy's searchlight has its moments of brilliant insight, and at a time when so many books on the crisis merely increase the mental confusion, one which clarifies, on the whole, more than it obscures is an asset.

At one end of Dr. MacCurdy's sketch of group psychology is the transient crowd stampeding to its destruction at one exit of a burning building when others are available. At the other end is the large, powerful, permanent group, bound together by unconscious ideals which are expressed in action at times of group crisis through the leadership of an aristocratic organisation whose privileges are a measure of the health of the group. Is this difference a real one? The mechanism of mob behaviour is well established, but the argument from the mob to the nation is largely by analogy, and it is by no means clear that there is such a transforming scale-effect as Dr. MacCurdy imagines. Is it certain that national action in times of crisis is any less insensate than mob hysteria, or that Dr. MacCurdy is right in assigning an ultimate value to a group merely because its history can (with some manipulation) be made to satisfy his psychological criteria for survival? Long before the end of this book it is evident that whereas Dr. MacCurdy's analysis of racial characteristics is nearly always shrewd, his main argument is in support of thoroughgoing nationalism. The British pass all Dr. MacCurdy's tests with flying colours. The hero-leader with his loyally granted privileges has always flourished on our soil; our unconscious ideals are more profound than Dr. MacCurdy can express in many pages devoted to the religion of the British Empire; our surface dissensions are trivial because we are unconsciously united; when it comes to the point, as evidenced by the General Strike, the Zinoviev letter, and the events of last autumn, the great heart of the people is always to be found in the right place. As for democracy, the British workman is a good, stout, loyal fellow who has gone a-whoring after Trade Unionism (an essentially impermanent group) and only needs a little paternal government in order to be persuaded to work harder and beat his continental competitors. We are putting our house in order, tariffs are only a war-measure, and if we only believe in our group inheritance all will be well.

Well, we have heard all this before—it is, in fact, our daily portion—and Dr. MacCurdy's psychological sauce does not lighten the surfeit. But Dr. MacCurdy says many things which we have not heard before. Dividing commodities into necessaries, comforts and luxuries, he shows that the psychological factors which lead to fluctuation between the comfort and luxury class on the consumer's side may in certain circumstances wreck the machinery of production. This leads him to a most illuminating description of the mechanism of the American hire-purchase system. His survey of American civilisation by analogy with the psychological characteristics of adolescence is a bold and convincing piece of destructive criticism, and is much better than his European estimates. As for Russia, he takes one disapproving look and shuts his searchlight with a bang. That, he says, is bound to fail. The reason is apparently that no group which consciously bases its life on mere money-getting can hope to have a healthy unconscious mind. It is surprising that so acute an observer can base so bold a conclusion on so silly a premiss. BARRINGTON GATES.

AN ENGLISH WORKMAN

A Man's Life. By JACK LAWSON, M.P. for Chester-le-Street. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.

This excellent little book, a resolute miner's account of his own life from boyhood up, shows us the English working man at his best. That best might also be called typical, for this miner's qualities of will, courage, and good sense are the ultimate characteristics of the English people, composed almost entirely of working men and working women. It is in the northern counties that those qualities have hitherto been most obvious, partly owing to the dangers involved in such work as mining, and partly to the hardships of weather and soil. The north, with its differences of employment, habits, language, and religion, is, indeed, a distinct country almost unknown to the more comfortable residents in the south, and entirely unknown to foreign visitors, such as the Americans.

All these advantages fell by nature to Mr. Jack Lawson, born on the Cumberland coast, and working chiefly in Durham. His father was half sailor, half miner. His mother a remarkable woman, who "faced the world in her primitive way, absolutely illiterate and very dominant"—

> She was a great mother—she never fondled or kissed any of us that I remember, for she clearly regarded these things as weakness. She had her rigid code of conduct, which she enforced on herself and others: fight your battles and no whining, tell the truth, and so conduct yourself that you need never be ashamed. Let anyone else dare hurt us, man or woman, and there was trouble. No neighbour who crossed her once ever repeated the mistake.

Yet that stern and passionate woman was capable of profound affection, as shown to her youngest and best-beloved son, Will. When he was killed in the war, she rumbled about in a drawer for a baby's toy, and gave it to one of Mr. Jack Lawson's own children, saying, "Take that home for your babby, hinny. My babby's gone." And when she lay dying, she imagined she held little Willie still in her arms.

It was a rough life this miner had, toiling in the coal pits as "caller," "putter," and "hewer." Those who have lived among the Durham miners thirty or forty years ago know how rough it was, how wretched the housing, how scarce the pleasures. But in the midst of his toil, often in nearly total darkness, the boy and young man taught himself knowledge that most of us "educated people" might envy, reading all that is best in

English literature, giving up gambling to buy books, and keeping them safe in orange cases. His knowledge and power of expression soon won the appreciation of the miners. By saving and various small helps from scholarships and friends, he went to Oxford (Ruskin College) and there came under the encouraging influence of Dennis Hird and Mr. Lees Smith. His young wife assisted the expenses by taking service in the city. But when the way to a professional career lay open to him, he bravely returned to the pits to live among his own mining people. In 1919 they returned him as a Labour Member of Parliament.

Many passages, as that upon the meaning of religion to the workers in the north, are of great interest. But in the most significant passage of all he dwells upon the shameful gulf between the two main classes in the country:

> I had actually arrived at the conclusion that if there is any good life, and freedom from insecurity, and beauty, and knowledge, or leisure, then the men who did the world's dirty, sweaty, toilsome, risky work, and the women who shared the life with them, ought to be the first entitled to these things. And when I looked round I found they were the last to have them.

He admits that the economic creed of Russian Communism arouses no response in him, but he honours the Russian revolutionaries because "they have strenuously sought to give first consideration and first place to the man who does the real work, the dirty, disagreeable, dangerous work, to the man whose hands are calloused and whose body is bruised and marked with his labours." Coming from a man of such experience, high character, and educated mind, those are words that all classes will be compelled to consider now. HENRY W. NEVINSON.

AN EASTERN VIEW OF SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare Through Eastern Eyes. By RANJEE G. SHAHANI. Joseph. 6s.

Shakespearean criticism has reached the point where it ceases to be anything more than an index to the characters of critics. The philosopher, the lover of poetry, the pedant, the cryptist, all find in Shakespeare a taking-off ground for their individual flights. He serves equally well for the undergraduate prentice piece, and for the critical masterwork. One subject, and what a mass of comment: how varied, yet how boring! *Shakespeare Through Eastern Eyes* adds to the variety, it is farther then ever from the deceased "canon of Shakespearean criticism," but by sheer honesty and intelligence Dr. Shahani has written a book which is fresh and illuminating. He throws light less on Shakespeare than on the attitude of cultured Indians to European poetry. Beginning with the tradition by which Shakespeare is taught in Indian schools (a Bardolatry slightly more exaggerated than our own), he proceeds through the lecture-rooms of a University to his own mature and heterodox opinion of the English poet. There is much in Shakespeare's plays which disturbs or merely bores him: the quibbling, the local references, the coarseness of many passages are foreign to an Indian mind. Above all, the idea of tragedy, as portrayed in the impotence of Hamlet and the railing of men against fate, seems to him an inferior pessimism which no Indian, for whom drama and poetry are essentially religious expression, can accept without reserve. He gives a list of the plays which have been most frequently translated, and the first half-dozen includes four comedies and only two of the tragedies—*Othello* and *Romeo and Juliet*. *Romeo and Juliet* "because of its intensity of passion, exercises a witchery over the Indian mind"; *Othello*, he says, is the most popular of all the plays because Othello himself is "an Oriental figure and his heroic demeanour awakens a ready response." *Hamlet* is regarded as being in many ways "a typical procrastinating Indian," but the play is not popular because such a theme is contrary to the whole Indian conception of drama. *King Lear* is liked for the fidelity of Cordelia, which is "of the kind that is almost reverenced in India."

Dr. Shahani sums up his dissatisfaction with Shakespeare by inquiring: Was Shakespeare a mystic or even a religious man? And, Was he a thinker? To the first he answers that Shakespeare, though not a mystic, was "a deeply religious man" and that "it is beyond dispute that in his plays we find the unmistakable *fragrance of Christianity*" (this aura would, of course, be more obvious to an Oriental than to a European). To the second question he gives an emphatic No.

This is not the sort of book with which one wants to agree or disagree. Dr. Shahani has reported vividly and clearly on an attitude to Shakespeare which is remote from our own. His criticism is sensitive and remarkably frank. He has succeeded in writing a book about Shakespeare which is lively and continually surprises the reader—no mean feat—and in the ranks of Bardolaters, Bradleys, and Baconians he is not, perhaps, so far removed from his subject as his opinions at first suggest.

THE INDIAN POLICE

The Indian Police. By J. C. CURRY. Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.

The Problem of the North-West Frontier, 1890-1908. By C. COLLIN DAVIES. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

The Administration of Mysore Under Sir Mark Cubbon, 1834-1861. By K. N. V. SASTRI. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

There is a certain esoteric unity of subject in these books. The police system of British India, our Frontier Policy in the North-West, and the administration of a State in the far south of India in John Company's days may seem widely diverse from each other, but if only to their number were added a book on Indian finance, we should have every one of the main elements in the great Indian political problem of to-day before our eyes. For these three books deal, each in its different way, with the great over-riding problem of security—security for life and property and good order inside British India, security for India against outside agression through the old historic gateway in the North-West, and security for the Indian States in their relations with their own subjects, and with the British Crown and British India. Law and order in British India and the North-West Frontier occupied a good deal of the attention of the Federal Structure Sub-Committee at the Round Table Conference, and each subject had two sub-committees of the Conference either wholly or largely to itself. The Indian Princes and their affairs were, of course, a full half the work of the Conference. The distinguished representative of Mysore State, Sir Mirza Ismail, was one of the leading figures throughout the whole Conference, and Mysore State is easily the most advanced and best governed of all the Indian States. This is due partly to the circumstance that during the nineteenth century, Mysore was administered for very many years by some of the most distinguished British officials who have served in India. Mr. Sastri's account of one of his periods during which Mysore State was under the tutelage of a British official is therefore of more than ordinary interest.

These three books are all good books and should be read by everybody who wishes to understand India, and certainly by everybody who finds occasion to write or talk about India. Both Mr. Curry and Captain Davies break new ground. There has been a good deal of writing about the Indian Police and about the North-West Frontier, but these two writers approach their subject from a new angle and deal with matters which hitherto have found no place in print, except in official publications and despatches. Mr. Curry has done what ought to have been done long ago; he gives us an account, based on twenty-five years' service in the Indian Police, of the system, its working, its place in the Indian administration, its peculiar features, problems, tasks and achievements. In fact, he sets his subject against the great background of Indian Government and Indian life in the towns and villages, and fits it neatly into its proper place. At the time when this extraordinary and splendid production of British administrative genius is in all likelihood on the eve of a fundamental change, and, it may be, before long, of break-up or transformation, Mr. Curry performs the invaluable task of putting all its history on record. Very likely, almost certainly, it will never be done again, and it needs no prophetic skill to conjecture that this book will be a very valuable historical document. Such a book as his calls for the greatest self-control if one is not to indulge in unlimited quotation. Once we start quoting we shall never stop. The mere chapter headings promise a feast of enjoyment. Here are a few of them—The River and Railway Police, the Agency Policy and Frontier Forces, Rioting, Murder and Their Reactions, the Forms of Crime Peculiar to India, Primitive Hunters and Criminal Tribes, the Impact of Modern Science, Political Crime and Disorder, and so on. Mr. Curry's discussion of political crime is sober and balanced and is a really valuable contribution to the very wide subject with which it deals.

Captain Davies has done well to concentrate his attention on the subject of Frontier Policy. The military history of the North-West Frontier has been overdone, and, in any case, nothing is

ever going to be written again as good as the old "Paget and Mason." The author would himself be the first to admit that his book represents only a first instalment of the work which is still to be done in this line. His narrative stops at 1908, that is, with the old Curzon system of Frontier administration at the height of its prestige. The breakdown of the system during the Afghan War of 1919 and the subsequent adoption of a new Frontier policy, a forward policy in the best and truest sense of the word because it is a policy of bringing civilisation to the savage borderland between India and Afghanistan, will, it is to be hoped, be dealt with at an early date by Captain Davies. Then perhaps he will treat Frontier policy more as an organic whole than he does in his present book. The Indian Frontier problem has three aspects, namely, military, diplomatic and domestic, and it is impossible to dissociate them from each other. The book contains, too, many unfamiliar names of places and tribes thrown at the reader without, at times, the reason for their introduction being very obvious. The chapter on "Forward Policy in the 'Nineties" suffers very much from this defect, and there is one extraordinary omission. In discussing the attempted "Sandemanisation" of the Gomal in the 'nineties, the name of Sir John Donald is not mentioned. Sir Robert Sandeman and Mr. Bruce, the Commissioner of the Derajat, were, it is true, the principals in this attempt, but the handling of the wild men in the Gomal, both Mahsuds and Wazirs, was done by Donald. It is only right that this should be put on record. But this is a minor blemish, and the book is a most valuable treatment of a little-known subject. Its bigger brother, when it appears, ought to be still more valuable.

Mr. Sastri's book is a worthy contribution to Indian historical literature, and it is to be hoped that he will, some time or other, let us have a real history of the Mysore State. There have been many so-called histories of the various States, but they are, on the whole, dreary compilations of mixed statistics and fulsome eulogies. Mr. Sastri has in him the stuff of which historians are made. On at least one of his readers the main impression left was a great envy of Sir Mark Cubbon, who had such a wonderful job to do in the Golden Age of the English ascendancy in India before the rude blast of the Mutiny blew away many of the old ceremonial trappings and let in the light of a new and more strenuous age.

ORGANISING THE DOCTORS

Medicine and the State. By Sir ARTHUR NEWSHOLME. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

The character of medical practice has changed greatly since the beginning of the century. This change is directly consequent on the developments of surgery which aseptic technique has opened up, and advances in preventive sanitation. No honest doctor to-day could claim ability effectively to apply the full treatment that is desirable and possible to all the patients who consult him. He is bound almost daily to supplement his own skill and knowledge both by surgical and other specialist help, and by the various hygienic amenities made available by the public health authorities. The general practitioner thus finds himself but a link in a chain, or a unit in a complexity. There is, moreover, another aspect of doctoring, the importance of which is being increasingly stressed. Although there has hitherto been little attempt by the organised medical profession to convey to the public the important hygienic truths that have emerged from modern experimental science, many of these truths have—thanks mainly to the enterprise of the press and of a few heterodox doctors—percolated into the popular mind, and are undoubtedly contributing much to the general health and well-being. As Sir Arthur Newsholme, in this valuable book, in which he summarises the conclusions to which his recent *Studies* have led him, tells his readers: "Personal hygiene has secured triumphs over disease in the individual as striking as those previously attained by measures of environmental hygiene affecting the health of the aggregate of mankind." The extension and systematisation of this educational work should be regarded as one of the most important functions of the properly—morally as well as technically—trained and equipped general practitioner of the future.

For therapeutic as well as for commercial reasons, doctors have been wont to assume a technical erudition altogether out of accord with the facts. The public realisation of this disparity is largely responsible for the diminished respect of the educated laity for the average practitioner of medicine. The progress of medical science should make it easier for doctors to adopt an attitude of candour and unaffectedness in their relations with their patients. Sir Arthur Newsholme rightly stresses the danger of "exaggerating our present knowledge and power." He points out that "much disease remains, the causation and means of prevention of which are unknown." Moreover, there will always remain many who, in spite of knowledge and warnings, will defy the laws of health. It therefore is essential, if our medical service is to be of high value, that the earliest manifestations of disease shall be recognised, and prompt remedial treatment be adopted at the only stage at which such treatment is likely to be effective. Here, again, the conventional training of the doctor is unsatisfactory. As a student, his attention is directed almost entirely to advanced developments of morbid perversions. The beginnings of disease are apt, in consequence, to pass unnoticed, or to be dismissed as trivialities or subjective neuroses. A couple of years ago the British Medical Association published certain proposals for "A General Medical Service for the Nation," in which it is concluded that "a satisfactory system of medical service can best be secured by associating every general practitioner with the general health service." This conception runs through every chapter of Sir Arthur Newsholme's book. Anyone with practical experience must realise how very far we are at the present time from such ideal organisation. We need to visualise a harmonious national scheme in which room will be found for hygienic administrators, for technical specialists in the radical treatment of morbid states amenable only to surgical measures or to highly technical procedures, and, most important of all, for an army of general practitioners expert in personal hygiene, in the maintenance of the normal, and in the recognition and corrective treatment of early departures from that normal.

The treatment of many disorders by the methods now available is truly effective only in hospitals or other specialised institutions devoted to the work. Hospital accommodation at present is altogether inadequate. There should, therefore, at the earliest possible moment, be prepared a complete regional scheme enabling every sick person needing hospital care to receive it without the unfortunate delay which is at present often responsible for needless sacrifice of opportunity. Between all these services and armamentaria there must be organic inter-relation; and it is difficult to see how this integration and harmonising can be brought about other than by a system essentially socialistic. Any scheme which tended, through a zeal for standardisation, to lessen the doctor's sense of individual responsibility, or to diminish his personal initiative, would defeat its own proper object. In medicine, however, as in other departments of human life and human activity, true Socialism and true individualism need not be mutually exclusive.

SHELL

for a quarter of a century has had the same good name

THE MONEY POWER

Money Power and Human Life. By FRED HENDERSON. Allen and Unwin. 6s.

Mr. Fred Henderson's *Economic Consequences of Power-Production* was a really original and stimulating book—a rare enough event in the sphere of economic thinking to call for thankfulness and to provoke a lively anticipation of favours to come. For Mr. Henderson had not merely set out to emphasise the self-evident fact that the world is now living under conditions of artificial scarcity caused by the follies and inadequacies of its economic system, but had also visualised, with quite exceptional clarity, the nature of the real economic forces which brought about this paradoxical result. There is no better analysis of the growth of mechanisation from the stage at which it is merely a substitute for certain forms of human manual power to that at which it completely transcends the limits of human physical capacity than Mr. Henderson gave us in his earlier book. And now, having emphasised the purely artificial character of the scarcity amid which we live, he turns in his new book to an attempt to answer the question why we put up with it. The answer he finds in the nature of the "money power," which has an interest in creating scarcity as the means of extracting from the actual producers the surplus over the minimum needs of life, and in keeping up the value of the money tokens by means of which this exploitation is now carried through. But Mr. Henderson does not make the common mistake of supposing that the world's troubles can be cured by any mere manipulation of the monetary machine. He realises that the money power is only the final form assumed, in these days of far-flung markets based on monetary exchanges, by that class-ownership of the means of life which, in one form or another, has for centuries dominated the life of society. This form of class-exploitation had, in his view, some justification as long as the world was really living under conditions of scarcity due to its limited productive power; for by no other means could even a limited group of men be raised above the common drudgery. But now that the world has the physical means to plenty for all within its reach, the justification of class-ownership and class-exploitation has completely disappeared. The logical sequel should be the distribution to all members of the community of a social dividend corresponding to the development of the power to produce real wealth. But Mr. Henderson does not believe, as Major Douglas and his disciples appear to believe, that this can be done as long as the community continues to allow private ownership of the means of production, and to rely on the incentive of private profit for getting things produced. For, under modern conditions, private ownership of the means of production connotes the money power, and the stranglehold of that power upon the means of producing wealth. Thus far Mr. Henderson proceeds in this second book; and he promises a third in which the way of escape will be more clearly and explicitly indicated. His second book is not so readable as his first, and he is at times inclined to go on saying the same thing over and over again in slightly different words. But his analysis is vitally important, and at bottom sound; and if he has not quite lived up to the hopes engendered by *The Economic Consequences of Power-Production*, he has at any rate written a book which throws more light than anything written of late on the underlying realities of the financial power in modern society.

THE NEW GOLIATH AND HIS ARMOURER

Peter Abelard. By J. G. SIKES. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

Arnold of Brescia. By G. W. GREENAWAY. Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d.

Here at last is a reasoned, clear, and comprehensive, yet withal a very readable study of the "essential" Abailard, which is more than welcome—it had, indeed, become a necessity, for there exists in English no serious critical exposition of his philosophy. Mr. Sikes's work is a wholly admirable, minutely documented book and should become the standard biography of Heloïse's lover. By comparing him continually with his contemporaries, and by his quiet insistence on the fact that he was above all eminently a product of his age, Mr. Sikes shows us how far removed Abailard was both from the arrogant monster denounced by St. Bernard, and the turgid, impulsive creation of Mr. George Moore's imagination. Nor was he a "discoverer of new doctrines," nor yet a rationalist who sought to effect the downfall of the Church, nor a "modernist," revaluing traditional dogma in the light of philosophic knowledge, but rather a zealous defender of the Church's orthodoxy, who spent his energies confuting the tritheism of Roscelin or the ultra-realism of William of Champeaux, and asserting such orthodox doctrines as that of the Double Procession. Mr. Sikes's most insistent emphasis is on the fact that Abailard never was, in the scholastic sense, a true theologian: not until he was thirty-four did he even begin to study theology, and he remained always a dialectician, applying the methods of logic to the eternal verities.

Between 1919–1927 Dr. Burkhard Geyer discovered a new set of Abailard's writings on logic in the Ambrosian library, which he published under the title of *Logica Ingredientibus*, and to these Mr. Sikes is much indebted for his conclusion that Abailard's historical importance lies principally in his being the founder of a school of logicians who based their logic "on a careful investigation of the meaning of grammar and language." But, reading Mr. Sikes one cannot help feeling that what interested Abailard himself most were his ethical theories, and his courageous equation of natural law to human reason seems his most deserving claim to be remembered. For with Augustine and Aquinas he held that "reason is the valid instrument of all human thought," and even affirmed that evil "is contrary to the law of my mind, that is, to the reason which ought to rule me as if it were a law," a striking statement if we recollect the Nicomachaean Ethics had not as yet been translated. His attitude to the pre-Christian writers is that of Augustine: "Plato made me know the true God and Jesus Christ showed me the way to him," and he believed the Platonic Trinity to be identical with the Christian, since "in every man there exists an innate reason by which we have knowledge of the Trinity."

Mr. Sikes barely mentions Abailard's most famous disciple, the "bee in Italy" to whom St. Bernard accuses the French bee of buzzing, but Arnold of Brescia is the subject of Mr. Greenaway's very painstaking book, which most deservedly won the Prince Consort and Gladstone prizes at Cambridge in 1930. This very sympathetic study, the first English contribution towards the rehabilitation of the great reformer, leaves nothing to be desired. The relations between Arnold, the "Mann aus einem Stuck" to whom truth was one, and one only, and his restless master, who believed, as did Aquinas, that "whatsoever is true, by whomsoever it is spoken, proceeds from the Holy Ghost," are most beautifully narrated, and it is a rare pleasure to find so scholarly a work so excellently well written. Mr. Greenaway agrees with Dr. Hampe in thinking the *Wetzel* letter to have been by Arnold himself, and has some very interesting things to say of Arnold's life in Zurich, and of his attitude to the temporal power—Arnold is throughout shown as the prototype of Savonarola rather than of Wyclif.

SHORTER NOTICES

Field Philosophy. By DOUGLAS GORDON. Murray. 9s.

In this entertaining and informative book Mr. Gordon discusses the many problems, ethical, temperamental, biological, and practical, which the sportsman who hunts or shoots is called upon to solve; and the field philosophy he preaches is concerned with such desperate things as the logic of the game laws, the habits of the woodcock, the elements of luck and skill in the practice of a sport, the nature of the desire for sport, the temperament of sportsmen, good manners in the field, the old English partridge, the conduct and training of dogs, instinct and intellect, cruelty and the balance of nature. It is a wide field, and if the philosophy is at times a trifle *ex parte*, as in the essay on the game laws, it is in the main practical and practicable.

American Public Finance and Taxation. By WILLIAM J. SHULTZ. Pitman. 21s.

This is a solid and useful work both for the student of American affairs and for the student of general governmental finance, because it throws light on the working of the complicated taxing systems of the United States. It is a good collection of horrible examples. The personal property tax, for instance, is well worth contemplation by the lover of governmental pathology. Dr. Shultz had written his book as a text-book, with all the apparatus of leaded-type and sectional headings, but he is usually successful in avoiding mere platitude and jargon. His description of war loans as "patriotic loans" deserving a section to themselves may amuse some people; the theory of state inspection of local finances is often sadly different from the practice: and the financial situation has lessened the force of his argument against taking tax-exempt securities too seriously. On the whole, theory and practice are ably combined in a sound text-book.

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The Thistle and the Rose. By SIR ALEXANDER M. MACEWEN. Oliver and Boyd. 6s.

This book is a timely summary of the Scottish National Movement. The author, an ex-Provost of Inverness, systematically and briefly surveys the present position of Scotland from almost every aspect—economic, administrative and financial—and stresses the cultural changes and forces at work. The chief causes of discontent with Westminster rule are explained and examples cited. Various Scottish Home Rule schemes are examined and there are notes on constitutional safeguards in modern democracies. Sir Alexander states the case for self-government for Scotland with moderation, clarity, and realism and offers a practical policy. The last section of the book is devoted to the special problems of the Highlands. We recommend this summary to English and Scots alike.

The Shakespeare Garden. By ESTHER SINGLETON. Cecil Palmer. 12s. 6d.

Garden lovers in America, we are told, often set apart a little space for a Shakespeare garden—not the elaborately planned garden celebrated by Bacon, but such a "knotted" garden as Shakespeare himself may have made at Stratford—and this garden they plant with the flowers and herbs mentioned in the plays. Such gardens have clearly been the inspiration of the present book, which, although it goes much farther afield, is primarily concerned with the garden of Shakespeare's day, and particularly with the knowledge of flower and herb displayed in the plays. The early Herbals are put under contribution, and Parkinson's *Paradisi in Sole* is quoted at sufficient length to demonstrate how considerable was the number of flowering plants at the disposal of the Elizabethan and Jacobean gardener. The book, which is fully illustrated, closes with practical notes on the making of a Shakespeare garden.

About Motoring

THE 1933 16 h.p. WOLSELEY

ALL the Wolseley models have undergone the usual attention for next year, but the 16 h.p. has been so substantially altered that it deserves to rank as a new car, and few more attractive models of this power will be offered to the public. The saloon is priced at £325, so that it comes just above the cheapest class. The most obvious change consists of the forward engine mounting adopted in 1932 for the smaller Hornet model. This pushes the radiator level with the front edges of the front tyres, and was originally devised to furnish additional body space on very short chassis. During the first experiments the engineers found that the forward engine mounting lent itself to an excellent suspension; and the idea is now applied to the 16 h.p. on which no very urgent need for enlarging the seating can be said to exist. A less obvious change of possibly great importance is the new frame, which incorporates the X-shaped cross-member, long since favoured on high-powered continental cars. A stiff frame improves the springing, the braking, the durability of the coachwork, and the life of the transmission; no British car of this size has a better frame. Third in importance ranks the adoption of a freewheel. The freewheel is America's favourite solution of the demand for easier gear-changing, and it further simplifies the coasting of easy gradients, and reduces the petrol consumption. There is no disputing about tastes, and the advocates of the freewheel prefer it to such alternatives as the preselector gear box. When the freewheel is in action, the car automatically coasts if the driver lifts his foot off the accelerator pedal; while the car is coasting, any gear-change can be made with certainty and silence by an absolute duffer. The freewheel can be locked at will by means of a control knob under the steering wheel. It is automatically locked whenever reverse gear is engaged, but must be unlocked by hand after each reverse, as it does not disengage itself. Should the engine accidentally stop when the car is coasting, it restarts itself by the familiar Startix device. This system of simplified gear control is a little bewildering to the novice on first acquaintance, but the novel elements are rapidly mastered, and most drivers like it enormously after a hundred miles. It is probably the best modern system where cheapness is a consideration, though there is no chance of its superseding the preselector gear on expensive cars.

I have now dealt with the important innovations embodied in this chassis, and can attend to some of its details. The Wolseley engines have long been renowned for their beautiful manners. On many cars of this size and price any speed over 30 m.p.h. is accompanied by a marked roar from the carburettor. Such roaring is easily silenced, but some engineers dare not silence the roar, because it camouflages mechanical rumblings from ill-designed power units. There is no such rumbling on a Wolseley engine, and its designer therefore has not hesitated to silence the induction roar. The car is remarkably quiet. It has no outstanding performance, but can comfortably attain the conventional sixty miles an hour on fourth gear, with a mile or two in reserve, the third gear speed being some 10 m.p.h. lower.

Thanks to the forward engine mounting the body dimensions are good—height to roof, 4ft. (there are no awkward floor wells); width of rear cockpit, 4ft. 4in.; four doors, each 2ft. wide; ample legroom in both compartments.

Technically, the engine is redesigned to attain a longer life without sacrifice of silence. The cylinders are fitted with liners, of which the metal is centrifugally cast to ensure maximum hardness. Much research has been conducted of late years to decelerate cylinder and piston wear. It is not yet possible to safeguard this sensitive point in an engine against a silly owner who races a cold engine, neglects his oil level, and overworks his strangler. But the Wolseley engine is planned to reward the owner who endeavours to spare it.

The equipment is more lavish than anything which has yet been offered at the price. Dipsticks are fitted to the rear axle and gear box as well as to the engine, so that a careful owner may keep his lubrication correct; in the past overfilled axles and gear boxes have led to unsightly leakages, and underfilling has produced rapid wear or serious trouble. No car has previously appeared with these refinements, level plugs to prevent overfilling being the best previous endeavour. Direction signals, operated by a switch near the top of the right-hand windscreen pillar are something of a novelty in this country. Their value can be exaggerated; until their position and character are standardised, other road users are apt to miss them, and drivers do not necessarily operate them with intelligence. A reversing light is still uncommon on cheap cars for some absurd reason; and in many emergencies it is invaluable. The car has a fog-lamp, a double windscreen wiper, and every conceivable gadget which the heart of an experienced owner can desire. A felt pad, enclosed in perforated metal, acts as a bulkhead between

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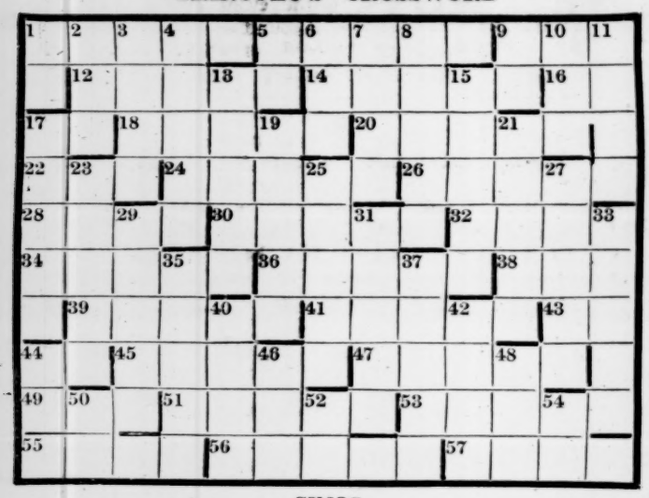
the engine and the body. It is claimed that this excludes both noise and fumes; and we may assume that the makers would not go to the expense of this refinement unless their tests had shown that it was worth having. The brakes are Lockheed, and excellent. At ten miles an hour the car can be stopped within six feet, and at full speed it will pull up in thirty-five yards without skidding or swerving from the straight. The suspension is slightly above the average for a good car of this type. The semi-elliptic springs are extremely long, damped by standard Luvax absorbers; and the shackles are designed to minimise roll in fast cornering. When the forward engine mounting was first adopted in the Hornet, the suspension of that model impressed everybody who tried it; and many engineers thought at the time that this small change in weight distribution had stumbled on some entirely new factor in conventional suspension. I doubt if the new 16 h.p. quite fulfils those suspicions; but it unquestionably rides very pleasantly indeed.

Estimating the car as a whole, it is, of course, what the Americans would call a "sissy"; that is to say, it is built for people who want smooth, comfortable, unostentatious travel, and is not intended for lurid driving. But if its owner uses his gears intelligently, it is capable of quite as high a performance as busy British roads can ordinarily accept. Its manners are quite perfect for the price, and probably more perfect than a similar expenditure at other factories will produce. Its equipment is more imaginative and complete than any rival 1933 car which I have yet inspected. And it is conscientious in the sense that its manufacturers do not deliberately wish you to tire of it in twelve months; if you are not too proud to drive a machine when it is slightly out of date, this 16 h.p. should serve you excellently over a good term of years.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



CINQS

ACROSS

1. Mollusc without and ear within.
5. Not one of Mr. Pybus' arteries.
9. My plural is ruddy.
12. What one might do to Bill.
14. Bright at Epsom.
16. That's in a tier.
17. Germany and the Free State have it.
18. Not seen lately at Epping.
20. Dark lady's return.
22. My plural laid on in a lay.
24. Ordinary.
26. Not a luxury boat.
28. *rev.* Pioneer of women's rights.
30. The odd one may be much sought after.
32. Symbolic hill.
34. They battle in jerseys.
36. Entrances.
38. Animal-tamer.
39. Beheaded subordinate.
41. Geum.
43. Now L.N.E.R.
44. Found in the past.
45. Stage Athenian.
47. Earbetrev.
49. The first is important.
51. Diarist's mystery.
53. *rev.* Pronunciamento.
55. The lady might the reverse at a circular table.
56. Now suffering heavy "cuts."
57. Was once enough.

DOWN.

1. Indeterminate.
2. Built on a sound foundation.
3. Love in the reverse.
4. A dead-heat might be.
5. Ado without nothing.
6. 13 for example.
7. Tangible coin.
8. Might be taken by the last trump.
9. 1st and 31st of a month.
10. Taken at Hythe.
11. "Heartbreak House."
13. Egged on.
15. Musical in Lancashire.
17. Taken round St. Paul's.
19. Relating to 2.
21. He was in a minority.
23. Superficial.
25. The saint sounds helpful.
27. These sound all right.
29. Familiar sight around Canterbury.
31. Not a pet pussy.
33. One's mamma.
35. The reverse of a belief.
37. Frequently folded in a ballad.
40. Electrically familiar.
42. Council that condemned 21.
44. Found in all shapes.
46. Secret of Scotland's greatness?
48. Seldom heard to drop.
50. My odes are electrical.
52. Found in the Isle of Man.
54. Utter ut.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. Punctiliously. 13. unemancipated. 15. lecherousness. 20. mt. 22. kalium (k = potassium). 23. panta(loon). 25. ouranographic. 31. monarchically. 33. etrahts (shatter). 36. parcel *rev.* 39. trisectahedra. 45. re-embarkation. 48. yellowhammers.

DOWN.—1. pulmometry. 2. (pr)une. 3. neck. 4. e.m. (causa mortis). 5. tael. 6. (m)in(t). 7. (Pompe)ii. 8. ops. 9. (J)uan. 10. nets *rev.* 11. le(a)st. 12. yd. 14. coughs. 16. ha(sten). 17. coir *rev.* 18. umr (rum). 19. sa(u)cy. 21. out *rev.* 23. pace (= cape). 24. apace. 26. R.N.R. 27. A.A.A. 28. R.N. *rev.* 29. H.L. (House of Lords). 30. ilar (liar). 32. kali *rev.* 34. Tree. 35. hobo. 37. ride. 38. Pans. 40. iel (lie). 41. L.M.S. *rev.* 42. caw. 43. T.R.H. 44. Ham. 45. mt *rev.* 46. Or(iel).

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

No. 8.—RAIN

Extract from a letter from Jones:

"My brother and I have just been away for ten days' holiday. For both of us it started on the first and finished on the tenth. He went to Shrimpton and I to Prawnville.

"Before going we arranged with Sinkham, of Lloyd's, for a policy of insurance against rain. Each of us was to receive £1 for a wet day following a fine one; £2 for a second consecutive wet day; £3 for a third consecutive wet day, and so on. Thus for five wet days alternated by fine ones, either of us would get £5; but for five consecutive wet days, £15.

"In return for these benefits, each of us would pay £1 per day for every fine day he had.

"These policies were a good investment. We both had it fine on the first day, and fine on the seventh; but we had fourteen wet days between us. My brother received from Sinkham £11 more than I did."

How much did Jones and his brother receive between them?

No. 7.—MATES

As one competitor (surprisingly, only one!) has pointed out, I ought to have stated explicitly a condition which everyone, whose answers have so far been received, has assumed. "In their matches against any particular competitor, no one fares worse than a lower-placed competitor." For the purposes of the draw I shall, of course, count all answers as correct which are in compliance with the data.

No. 6.—THE PHLEGMATIC'S RETURN VOYAGE

B won £10. A number of competitors regard this as the most interesting problem so far set. (So do I.) Better still, only two have complained of the wording of the problem! In view of the difficulties of closing all loopholes to misunderstanding and ambiguity, I regard this as a minor triumph. And I write as a Parliamentary draftsman of many years' experience.

Several competitors ask for the solution of this problem. I will set it out in detail next week.

No. 5.—BETTER THAN BOGEY

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE "BUNK" IN THE BOOM—THE COMMODITY PRICE OUTLOOK —THE LONG-TERM INTEREST TREND—INVESTMENT TRUSTS

DISCUSSION of the Wall Street boom goes on with increasing liveliness. Is it really the turn in the tide or is it a midsummer madness or is it just politics? There is, I agree, an element of pure "bunk" in this "bull" movement. Here is an extract from the market letter of a New York brokerage house: "Most of the copper companies are in a strong financial position and have adequate ore reserves." With every American copper company buried beneath a load of bank debt and the copper market overshadowed by a mountain of stocks, this remark must take the nonsense prize for the silly season. And there is no doubt that the Wall Street recovery has been stage-managed by President Hoover's entourage. The financial editor of a New York paper, who had attended the journalist meetings at the White House, wrote to a friend as follows: "We have been cautioned not to publish anything which would slow down optimistic propaganda. We are called upon to mention when a factory adds a dozen men to its pay-roll, but we have never yet been allowed to mention that the Ford plant recently laid off 42,000 men." The truth of this statement was confirmed by a well-known American financial expert in my hearing this week. Even the independent writers who are not on the salary lists of a newspaper, if they have committed the indecency of giving prominence to the adverse features of the trade and banking situation, receive solemn warnings from those of their friends in contact with the White House. I noticed that even the *New York Times* made only a few vague allusions in an unimportant corner of the paper to the banking failures in Chicago last June, but when General Dawes' bank had received a helpful loan of many millions from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, it featured "the end of the banking trouble."

* * *

To those of us accustomed to think of the freedom of the press as one of the glories of the Anglo-Saxon democracies, this may seem shocking. But we must not forget the daily practices of our Beaverbrooks and Rothermeres, who are masters in "handling" the news. And we must remember that our financial editors have now and again been summoned to the Treasury or the Bank of England for purposes of exhortation or caution, though I rejoice to add that the authorities have always omitted the financial editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION from their invitations. When a nation believes itself to be at economic war, it will take warlike measures to muzzle the press. And when a President of the United States believes himself to be an economic Messiah, he will regard it as his duty to make a sick nation think itself better, even if he has to talk "bunk" for the purpose. A financial panic constitutes a danger to the State, so that any propaganda which helps to change the public psychology from blind depression to blind optimism may be justified on high political grounds. Actually, it was the relief measures taken by Mr. Hoover's Government, followed by the Lausanne Agreement and the British conversion scheme, which decided the issue in the American mind. The propaganda itself probably did little to help, but, if it did, it may have been excusable up to a point on the ground that there can be no trade recovery without a return of public confidence. The economic importance of "bullish" propaganda lies in its effect upon commodity prices. If the manufacturer and the distributor are induced to replenish their shelves, there will be a substantial rise in prices for a period, for it is common knowledge that they are understocked.

* * *

A reduction in the visible supplies of commodities, which a movement of stocks from producers' to distributors' or manufacturers' hands implies, comes at a time when the great accumulation of world stocks appears to have been checked. As everyone knows, producers have been curtailing output either through voluntary restriction schemes, as in the case of tin, copper, petroleum, coffee and sugar, or through involuntary closing down of operations to prevent losses. In spite of the severe drop in consumption, further over-production this year of the basic commodities has more or less been avoided. The table of world stocks which may be studied in the Monthly Statistical Summary of the Bank of England, points to the end of the great accumulation of visible supplies, though evidence is still lacking in a number of cases, in particular, copper and wheat. Prices, we know, will rise as long as the stocking-up of commodities in manufacturers' and distributors' hands continues. But what then? Will the rise in commodity prices have created an increase in consumer demand or will the manufacturers be disappointed and find their replenished stocks a burden? An increase in the purchasing power of the producers of raw materials is held back by their load of bank indebtedness and by the small volume of output to which they are at present committed. Much depends upon the World Economic Conference. If some monetary scheme could be prepared which would give fresh purchasing power to the bankrupt primary producers, and release international trade from its exchange and export restrictions, we might look forward to a revival in world trade with greater confidence. The present movement of commodities will, of course, increase purchasing power in some quarters—distributors, agents, shippers, brokers, merchants, etc., will all be richer—but in the main the increase in consumer demand which alone can sustain the upward move in commodity prices must wait upon the creation of new capital by entrepreneurs or Governments assisted by cheap long-term money. So hands off the capital market!

* * *

In this connection I would refer to Mr. J. M. Keynes' notes on the long-term rate of interest in the *Economic Journal* for September. The importance of his main thesis—that a reduction in the long-term rate of interest to a low level is the most necessary of all measures if we are to secure a lasting revival of enterprise—can hardly be exaggerated. I hope the Treasury authorities in particular will pay attention to his suggestion of the issue of a short-dated bond to holders of assented as well as unassented War Loan, for, if they would like to see a further reduction in the long-term rate of interest, they must, as Mr. Keynes says, avoid the mistake of creating an over-supply of one type of security, namely, the virtually irredeemable. There are still large areas, as Mr. Keynes points out, where the readjustment of long-term interest rates has scarcely begun, particularly the real estate market, mortgages and house rents. Bank charges and building society charges and the rates allowed on deposits by the Post Office, the banks, building societies, municipal authorities and savings institutions are all lagging behind the general downward movement of the long-term interest rate. The building societies have at last begun to move. Last week, the Halifax, Abbey Road and the National and Woolwich Equitable Societies announced that the rate of interest to be charged on new mortgages by the London Societies would be reduced by half per cent.—from 6 per cent. to 5½ per cent. But this is only a beginning. I venture to think that Mr. Keynes' thesis justifies my lamentations that the Government did not attempt to deal generally with the burden of National and private debts.

* * *

In a professional "bull" movement, the market leaders carry off the bulk of the buying. Thus, most of the popular shares in the British industrial market are now offering yields of little over 5 per cent., which compares unfavourably with the yields still obtainable on the leaders in Wall Street on the basis of present dividends. This, however, should not cause the investor to overlook the fact that high yields are still obtainable on a long list of ordinary shares which are not receiving professional attention. The investment trust market, which has always been a one-way market, and has never been very popular, has been left out of the present recovery. Here is a list of well-known investment trusts whose ordinary stocks offer yields of 7 per cent. or over. The table gives, in addition to the percentages earned and paid, the extent of the depreciation on the investment portfolio at the date of the last financial year.

	Financial Year Ended	Investment Depreciation. %	Earned. %	Paid. %	Price.	Div. Yield. %
British Combined Investors	Mar. 1st, 1932	35.4	5.0	3.0	42	£7 2 10
British S.S. Inv. Trust	June 30th, 1932	37.0	6.9	7.0	96	£7 5 10
Continental & Industrial Trust ...	May 31st, 1932	48.9	10.4	8.0	85	£9 8 3
Eng. and N.Y. ...	Dec. 31st, 1931	37.5	7.2	5.0	33*	£9 1 10
General Investors ...	Jan. 31st, 1932	21.0	13.7	13.0	150	£8 13 4
1929 Investment ...	Mar. 31st, 1932	37½	5.4	3.0	38	£7 17 11

* On basis of 3 per cent. dividend, the interim dividend having been passed.

As regards the question of investment depreciation, July, 1932, may, I hope, be taken as the low point for security valuations for all time.

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